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**THE BOOK OF LOVE**



# THE BOOK OF LOVE

BY

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"The Son of Mary Bethel"*



NEW YORK  
DUFFIELD & COMPANY  
1912

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TO THE  
AMERICAN

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WHEN I AM DEAD AND SISTER TO THE DUST

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I

THE GARDEN OF ROSE AND RUE

A QUATRAIN SEQUENCE

*When I am dead and sister to the dust;  
When no more avidly I drink the wine  
Of human love; when the pale Proserpine  
Has covered me with poppies, and cold rust  
Has cut my lyre-strings, and the sun has thrust  
Me underground to nourish the world-vine,  
Men shall discover these old songs of mine,  
And say: This woman lived — as poets must!*

*This woman lived and wore life as a sword  
To conquer wisdom; this dead woman read  
In the sealed Book of Love and underscored  
The meanings. Then the sails of faith she spread,  
And faring out for regions unexplored,  
Went singing down the River of the Dead.*

## THE GARDEN OF ROSE AND RUE

### I

#### *THE ROSE*

WHEN I entreated Life to make me wise,  
It drew aside Love's brodered veil of lies;  
And perilous Beauty, undivined before,  
Beckoned me from the mazes of his eyes.

I do not care for gold, it is too cheap;  
Nor fame, whose field oblivion shall reap.  
But I would sing, and linger in the sun,  
And love — as only poets can — and sleep.

The poorest lives some little blossoms bring  
To deck Love's altar in the days of spring.  
Save for the perfume of their vernal bloom,  
The pain of birth would seem too stern a thing.

Only the poet looks Love in the eyes:  
He knows the meaning of the mystic sighs,  
The rapturous tears, the pain, the mad desire  
That starves upon the lips it satisfies.

And after all our toils and dreams and prayers,  
'Tis only Love for which the future cares;  
Labour and fame are steps along Love's way,  
And art is but the garment that he wears.

Love, let us steal away into the night —  
Into the luring wonder of the night.

Impassioned earth breathes through the lonely grove  
The cool delirious fragrance of the night.

Yea, thou didst make me captive with a glance —  
An arrow shot across the gulfs of chance;

Its gleam appeared to my enchanted eyes  
The light of immemorial romance.

Thy body is a living shrine for me,  
Thy deep embrace the bread and wine for me;

Thy fervid kisses are the prayers of faith,  
Thine eyes the altar lights that shine for me.

The moon sheds no such glamour anywhere  
As on the nimbus of thy mystic hair;

Each separate thread is an aspiring ray —  
An emanation luminous with prayer.

Time's hidden ways thine eyes reveal to me:  
Deep in their vision broods the memory

Of all the myriad lives thy soul has known,  
Thou passionate pilgrim of eternity!

Thy voice is thrilling with an overtone  
That haunts the memory, like a whisper blown

Upon the wind from somewhere in the dark:  
Maybe some ancient world our sires have known.

There is a sweeter sound than seraph hears:  
The rhythm that moves the ever-pulsing years  
    Holds less of lure and wonder to the soul —  
The music of thy heart-beats to my ears.

Thy breath is like the breath of orient nights,  
Whose brooding glamour fragrantly invites  
    The fainting fancy to a couch where wait  
The trembling dreams of wild, mysterious rites.

I touch the breathing marvel of thy flesh,  
Like throbbing rose-leaves, and as dewy-fresh.  
    How sprang this blossom from the common soil —  
World dust, that holds thy spirit in its mesh?

The immortal Breath blows o'er us where we lie  
Beneath the star-leaved branches of the sky,  
    Whispering a cosmic benedicite —  
O listen, Love, before the Word goes by!

The lure of suns is but the lure of Love,  
Their all-creative warmth — the warmth of Love;  
    And symbol of the passion of the cross —  
The shadowy rood upon the breast of Love.

In these unquenchable desires we feel  
The thirsty future's dominant appeal;  
    And through the fire of our impassioned dust  
A thousand ancestors their loves reveal.

There is a dream that often comes to me  
In the grey dawn, and eyes me wistfully;  
'Tis little as the child in Mary's arms  
And all as lovely — and it looks like thee!

Lest Love should grow too earthly to aspire,  
The wise gods blinded him with vague desire;

They nourished him on dreams and ecstasies,  
Tempered his arrows in the sacred fire.

They say thou art an idler, lover mine,  
Drunken with fancies, poetry and wine.

What cares the nightingale for envious crows?  
Thy very faults are lovely — being thine.

For me the cosmic æons lie complete,  
O Love, between thy forehead and thy feet!

Here the untrammelled hours of day and night —  
Here dust and soul inalienably meet.

My spirit is an emanated flame  
That burns the rose-leaves of its earthly frame,—

Too vision-rapt to heed the rose's tears,  
Unmindful of her glory or her shame.

Thy love is like deep waters all around —  
Warm pulsing waters, in whose brooding sound  
The lone wail of my heart is lulled with dreams,  
And the far clamour of the world is drowned.

Why do the vine and oak together dwell?  
Why does the sun the listening stars compel?  
Why does the moon allure the sighing sea?  
I am so wise with love that I could tell.

O Lover mine, I pray thee, do not weep!  
The very earth is damp with tears — grave-deep:  
Without thy bitter tribute, the brave sun  
Can never dry them ere Time calls to sleep.

The joy of Love is better than Love's tears,  
So kiss me and forget thy foolish fears.  
Soon, soon the clammy dark lips of the grave  
In one cold kiss will hold us years on years!

How swift the merry sand runs in the glass!  
The midnight daughters glide along the grass,  
Veiling their faces in their purple hair.  
Draw nearer — this enchanted hour will pass.

The stars have chosen thee to be my king,  
To tune my lyre of life and make me sing;  
The pressure of thy rose-leaf lips on mine  
Is more inspiring than the breath of Spring.

I am the sun that warms thee with its heat,  
I am the dream that makes thy slumber sweet,  
I am the moon that watches thee all night,  
I am the sandals underneath thy feet.

Draw close the mystic curtain of Love's bed:  
Here the dim Future and the Past are wed,  
And brooding Isis veils her mysteries —  
To whelm the world when thou and I are dead.

In my life's soil thy life is planted deep,  
Never to be uprooted; and I keep  
The lyric seeds thy love has sown in me  
For a rare harvest all the world shall reap.

Thou art the dream between Love's day and night.  
In thy strange being Love's extremes unite:  
The trance-like prayer that purifies the soul,  
The throbbing senses in their fierce delight.

Thy dear white feet are moistened with my tears.  
Oh, what rose-shrouded thorns, what spectral fears  
Lurk for their toilsome passing in the dark  
Along the tragic pathway of the years!

The lily petals of thy hand are light  
As vagrant dreams. I feel them in the night —  
Soft as the lotus of some lunar lake  
That drowns on the waves in vague delight.

Love dreams and murmurs something in his sleep.  
With what strange secret do I vigil keep?  
Maybe some slumbering passion of dead days!  
I veil my face in Love's long hair and weep.

Love wakes and leans above me in the dark,  
Half dazed with dreams that thrill the teeming dark;  
His warm soft lips feel blindly for my lips  
In the delirious wonder of the dark.

O Love ineffable! When fused we lie,  
Life piercing life, through flesh and breath and eye,  
I know not if this fiery luminous form —  
This river of lyric flame be thou or I!

The muses whisper to me from thy hair;  
Thy languorous look is perfume on the air,  
Thy breath a bridal veil that covers me,  
Thy touch a wild insatiable prayer.

I lay my spirit in thine open hands;  
Between thy fingers the ecstatic sands  
Of my life tremble. This unearthly dream  
Only the poet ever understands!

The birds are singing, and my lover sleeps.  
The rosy light of morning slowly creeps  
Over the moveless beauty of his face:  
Who knows this hour knows Love's sublimest deeps.

So still is Love he hears the farthest sound:  
The footfall of the seasons in their round,  
The soft etheric swish of the rushing spheres,  
The murmur of the mute things underground.

## II

### *THE RUE*

The night I learned that Love was false to me,  
Beside my bed the stars watched pitilessly,—

Old midwives, muttering at each moan of pain:  
“The birth-pangs of a soul are good to see!”

O little hour of Love, so wild and sweet!  
I gave the world, thy honey-dew to eat;  
And now the tear-sown pathway of the dead  
Echoes the patter of thy flying feet.

I can no longer bear thy burning eyes —  
They brand me, blind me; and thy smothered sighs  
Of passion are as poison to my soul,  
That drinks its fill of death with avid cries.

O Love, my Love, thou art so bitter-sweet!  
I would that from thy forehead to thy feet  
Thou wert some deadly flower, that I might pluck  
And crush thy petals for my soul to eat.

Sometimes I love thee so I wish thee dead.  
I would devour thy being as my bread;  
Would drain thy hidden veins dry, as of wine,  
Red drop by drop, for all my heart has bled!

Oh! I have bought in lonely, endless nights  
My fill of thee who art all strange delights —

The thrill of roses, and the viol's cry,  
The pang of the earth-passion's awful rites.

And I am jealous of the very light  
That bares thy beauty from the veil of night:  
Deep in the dungeon of my sombre soul  
Thy body I would bury out of sight.

Oh, kill me with thy kisses! Drain me dry  
Of pain and life, nor leave me breath to sigh;  
Yea, feed my spirit, starving at thy lips,  
Thy sweet perfidious poison ere I die!

Bury me deep beyond all isolate pains  
In the dim shadows of thy thralling veins;  
That nevermore may there be sound of me,  
Or colour of me in all the earth contains.

I then shall have no being save in thine:  
My love shall mingle with thy blood as wine  
Mingles with water, and thy wanton soul  
Shall never know a life apart from mine.

Give me to drink the poison of thy breast —  
Dark cruel wine from grapes of passion pressed —  
Till I am drunk beyond delirium's dream  
In that dim utter deep where men may rest.

There is a crevice in Love's garden wall  
Where mandrakes thrive, with lilies rank and tall;  
Where stealthy Death peers through a purple veil  
In madmen's eyes, and strange worms crawl and crawl.

I gave my lover tears and sacrifice,  
My soul's white prayer, my dreams of paradise,  
The vision of my guardian angel's face:  
He laughed and turned away his weary eyes.

I gave my lover kisses bitter-sweet,  
Strange deadly blossoms for his soul's defeat,  
The purple paths of hell I lured him on:  
His lips burn fiercely on my tear-stained feet.

The thorny rose of Love has one last sting  
Tipped with a poison strange and maddening.  
Who grasps it close shuns not the touch of Death:  
To love and loathe the self-same lovely thing.

My lover whispers lies into my ear;  
My listening soul laughs silently to hear,—  
The still, ironic laughter of the tomb,  
Of merry skulls that grin from ear to ear.

She wore a lily in her golden hair —  
That Azra — on the day Love found her fair.  
Oh! I shall dread the lilies till I die,  
And tremble at their perfume on the air.

I hang upon Love's shoulder worship-wise,  
Lost in the dreamy glamour of his eyes;  
With far-off meditative gaze he asks —  
If I have seen how blue are Azra's eyes!

I lie alone under the mocking sky.  
The midnight hours indifferently walk by.  
O wanton Moon! You turn your back on me,  
To gaze and smile where Love and Azra lie!

For we must laugh if we would hold our place  
In Nature's pitiless, capricious grace.

He who desires to dally with the moon  
Must never come with tears upon his face.

No desert waste is lonelier than I.  
The arid pain of Love has burned me dry.  
But passion's prayers turn backward on my lips —  
I will not be Love's beggar though I die!

My false Love may seek pleasure where he will,  
While I my separate destiny fulfil —  
Grinding my soul against the adamant  
Of self, whose dust obscures my vision still.

But of this Azra nothing shall remain  
More than of last year's lilies or its rain,  
Except her strange name echoing through my song —  
Immortal with the laurels of my pain.

My lover left me — and I shed no tears!  
Across the world I wonder if he hears  
The laughter of my soul at her own grief,  
Low pallid laughter — sadder than all tears!

We have a bitter power who laugh at pain,  
Who laugh and laugh — for tears are shed in vain.

They weary lovers and amuse the gods:  
O tender thought to soothe the reeling brain!

I felt thine essence quivering like wine  
Through all my veins, that leaped to answer thine —

Our spirits fusing in a flash of flame —  
The day I bought thy soul and blood with mine.

When thou art false, my Love, I know full well  
There is no truth — this side the gate of hell,

No little lily soul unstained by lies,  
No sphere of beauty not an empty shell.

Is there no anodyne despair may buy,  
No draught of dreamless sleep for such as I?

Discordant singer in the choir of Love,  
Who neither cares to live nor dares to die.

How many minutes are there in a day?  
Love's restless watchers know, and only they:

The clock ticks, and the quivering nerves are strained  
For sound of steps — that never come their way.

If women really die and burn in hell,  
They do not burn with fire — the prophet's hell.

No! But they wait, and wait, and wait, and wait,  
For one who never comes — the woman's hell.

Thy vacant room is an enchanted place;  
Thy wraith pervades the air that I embrace;  
The perfume of thy presence lingers still  
About the pillow where I lay my face.

I touch thy garments lightly, half afraid,  
So ghostly are they in the teeming shade.  
The candle flickers, like a frightened soul,  
Before the little altar where we prayed.

The stars are not so lonely as my heart!  
Though I should scale the cruel cliffs of Art  
And cut my name into their granite face —  
Love's way and mine would lie as far apart.

The pain of Love has poisoned all the day.  
Pitiless Love, that lures but to betray!  
And pitiless the whisper of the soul:  
Like songs and worlds, this too shall pass away.

Life plays us mortals many a strange jest:  
Dead leaves and grave-dew crown our aching quest,  
And when Love comes to cheer us by the way —  
Always the one we love not, loves us best.

Only the Lord of Change has endless sway.  
The vanished Love of our dead yesterday  
Now wanders wailing down the woods of dream,  
And mocking shadows beckon where we lay.

The world's poor travesty of Love stalks by,  
Linked arm in arm with Death — a smiling lie!

Its empty words and empty laughter bring  
The tears of pity to the lover's eye.

Deep Love is slow of speech and void of art;  
Silence and timid tears reveal his heart.

But shallow Love is ever eloquent  
To mouth his meagre passion — and depart.

Ye who would know how sweet a thing is Love,  
Go ask the souls outside the pale of Love —  
The pallid priest, the love-mocked Magdalen —  
They also know how bitter a thing is Love.

O silent watcher of the mystic fire!  
When to your hidden temple I retire  
To still my soul, between your eyes and mine  
Falls like a veil the shadow of Desire.

And oh, the pity of that piercing, vain  
Delight, that fills again and yet again  
The hollow world with little yearning souls —  
Swelling the awful sum of mortal pain!

Pale passion and red hatred strove with me,  
And dark pride strove, pain, and gaunt jealousy;  
Strove till they all lay dead one stormy day.  
My soul, surprised, awoke to find her free!

But I am weary and I long to sleep.  
The hungry flame of Love has burned so deep  
    Into the tender substance of my life,  
I care no more either to laugh or weep.

How heavy is the earth's heart as it hears  
Ever the dropping, dropping of Love's tears!  
    Must not those bitter, murmuring waters drown  
The choral harmonies of kindred spheres?

The cool white flower of peace must bloom for me  
Somewhere between the mountain and the sea:  
    The sea in whose wide bed I may not rest,  
The mountain whose austerities I flee.

Oh, for the pure oblivion of sleep!  
In those vast waters I would sink me deep  
    Beyond where both desire and dream lie dead,  
And passion and despair forget to weep.

Death hides no hell that could awake my fear,  
For I have heard the sound that madmen hear,  
    Heard the far wail of a crushed, tortured thing —  
My own strayed soul, and seen it disappear!

Who dares to love unloved the cord unties  
In whose close coils the fettered spirit lies;  
    The jealous gods blush and evade his glance,  
And joy and pain are equally his prize.

He loves me not, and all the world is grey.  
But I am wiser now than yesterday!

If he had laid life's roses in my lap —  
I never should have known the world was grey.

The sun has dried the tear-drops in my eyes,  
The sturdy wind has blown away my sighs.

While the sun laughs, I am ashamed to weep;  
And the wind is old and knows all sorrow dies.

Now will I sing my song, that not in vain  
Shall be my passage through the fiery rain,—

A song of light, for the world's heart would break  
If I should sing the story of my pain.

The distillation from Love's bleeding heart  
Is the rose-attar of the lyric mart;

And Pain and Passion are the sentinels  
That double-guard the jealous doors of Art.

Poor lover, writhing in the lonely night,  
Thy vale of hell leads to a solemn height:

Who dares the fire, and gains the farther side,  
Walks with the sons of God in the great light.

Ye who would know Love's highest reach of bliss —  
The still, white peaks of peace — remember this:

Before a soul can face that steady light  
It must have plumbed pain's nethermost abyss.

I sought my soul in joy — she was not there.  
Vainly I sought her too in toil and prayer.

At last I found her with illumined eyes  
Walking the rainbow of my Love's despair.



## II

### LYRICS AND SONNETS



## THE BRIDE OF THE OVERMAN

OH, do not remember these womanly tears  
That I shed on your wondering face!  
They are drops from the wells of unspeakable fears  
That lurk in the cavernous dusk of dead years  
Awaiting a time and a place,—

Fears of old memories clamouring still  
For a glance of my soul or a sign;  
And they mock at the feeble and passionate will  
That would render immortal the touch and the thrill  
Of a man's clinging lips upon mine.

Swearing fidelity far beyond death,  
The presumptuous children of clay  
Would make love's ideal a loud shibboleth,  
When everything under the law of the Breath  
May claim but the hour and the day.

O lover as wise as the magi of old!  
You have given me rapture more vast  
Than God's dream of creation; and yet we are told  
That the mightiest passion must some day lie cold  
In the bottomless gulf of the past.

And our love — nay Belovèd, regard not the tears,  
Or kiss them away if you will —  
Our love shall be wide as the sweep of the spheres,  
And free as the music the Overman hears  
In his cave on the crown of the hill.

But sometimes, I know, at the terror night brings  
In this land without pathway or mark,  
I shall cling to your hand as a little child clings,  
Lest your candle go out in the wind from God's wings,  
And leave me alone with the shadowless things  
In the emptiness under the dark.

### *I KNOW*

OH! I know why the alder trees  
Lean over the reflecting stream;  
And I know what the wandering bees  
Heard in the woods of dream.

I know how the uneasy tide  
Answers the signal of the moon,  
And why the morning-glories hide  
Their eyes in the forenoon.

And I know all the wild delight  
That quivers in the sea-bird's wings,  
For in one little hour last night  
Love told me all these things.

### *THE MESSENGER*

O PALE pressed flower  
That has crossed the world-wide sea  
From my Orient-wandering Love  
With words for me!

Frail messenger  
Of a dream that does not die,  
Though all the threads of life  
Be drawn awry!

Your Asian stem  
Drew from that storied earth  
The essences that gave  
The pale Christ birth.

Beauty and faith,  
And a something all unknown,  
On your sweet and subtle breath  
To me are blown.

Give you, he says,  
Soft kisses and send you back  
To his tent where the world's way joins  
The pilgrim's track.

O flower! tell him  
These messages for me:  
Tell him there lies the old haze  
Over the sea.

Tell him the path  
To the little house and lawn  
Is overgrown with grass  
Now he is gone.

Tell him the vine  
On the arbour is bare of leaves;  
Now it has nothing to hide  
It pines and grieves.

Tell him the star  
That recorded our bridal vow  
In the book of the summer dark  
Is shining now.

Tell him the crows  
In the pine-tree still arise  
To challenge the wraith of dawn  
With warning cries.

Tell him the glass  
That used to mirror the sea  
And our twined forms now mirrors  
Only the sea.

Give him these tears,  
And tell him the golden heart  
Of the rose of life grows grey  
When lovers part.

## OUT OF THE PAST

SOMEWHERE, Love, in the far-off, time-veiled days of  
the great past,  
Thou and I and the beautiful Love-god danced in the  
sunshine.

Somewhere, too, as the night dew lay on the leaves of  
the jungle,  
Thou didst whisper me softly the unknown mystical  
Word.

Under thy languorous eyelids, dark as the doors of the  
future,  
Strange dreams, wild dreams, beckon my rapt soul.  
Oh, to allay my  
Fever and longing there in the midnight pools of the  
lotus,  
Losing myself and the world in the brooding embrace  
of thine eyes!

Thy dark hair is a veil of the Mystery. Under the  
shadows —  
Purple with Orient heat, deep sultriness — something  
is hidden,  
Something my lone soul needs. Though it yield to the  
touch of my fingers,  
Still it eludes my sight while maddening me to the  
quest.

Thy touch, Love, is the sun's touch, pure as the breath  
of the morning;  
Thy touch, Love, is the bite of the fire — unassuagable  
passion;  
Under thy hand or thy hot lips — aye, in the cling of  
thy garments —  
Ecstasy waits, pain hides, power quivers to move me  
to life.

Through thine eyes I am one with the deathless One of  
the ages.  
Thy strong hold is the life-hold, firm with the urge of  
creation.  
Under thy spell Time listens and stirs not; there the  
immortal  
Silence pauses to drink of the rushing river of joy.

Where did I lose thee? Where in the garden of devi-  
ous byways,  
Love, did we loosen our hands? Oh, hold me close and  
forever!  
So the celestial Gardener may not distinguish between  
us,  
So we appear to His eyes one rose on the tree of the  
world.

## *MATE*

THERE is a wistful prayer  
That often comes to me,  
And lays its face against my face  
In utter ecstasy —  
That all the lovers in the world  
Might be as near as we!

## *THE SYMBOL*

THY love is a symbol, a mystical sign  
Of vast, unuttered things;  
The bread and the sacramental wine  
Of my faith I receive at Love's veiled shrine  
In all thy ministerings.

Thy love is my dream in the mortal night,  
A web by the earth-moth spun,  
A veil for the unendurable Light;  
It softens the blaze for my frail sight  
Of the immanent unseen Sun.

Thy love is realisation's hour,  
High noon on the disc of life;  
The sands of its time are the sands of power  
In the glass of Fate, round whose watch-tower  
The cosmic winds are at strife.

Thy love is the promise of keener bliss  
Than earth-dazed beings feel;  
The rush of its blood is the flaming kiss  
Of stars on the edge of the great abyss  
Where form and spirit reel.

Thy love is a danger beyond all fear,  
A rift in the fathomless void;  
From its perilous deep strange faces peer,  
And pale hands beckon to some far sphere  
Where self shall be destroyed.

Thy love is the peace of eternity,  
The rest that follows birth;  
The fold of thine arms is the fold of the sea,  
And they hold and soothe and cradle me  
As the ocean holds the earth.

### *A MAIDEN*

"GIVE me Love, O Life," I cried,  
"Give me Love, though naught beside!  
I would know the way he wanders,  
For the world is wide."

Then I found him at my side,  
For my prayer was not denied;  
And the narrow world has nowhere  
For my heart to hide!

## *A YEAR AGO*

How strange it seems that one brief year ago  
Indifferently I watched you passing by,  
Nor dreamed that in your half-averted eye  
Love's universe was mirrored! Even so  
Bloom lilies by the stream whose overflow  
Shall sweep them from their moorings, and untie  
Their roots from the home soil. A bee may fly  
To windward of a rose-bush and not know.

With all his hidden wisdom, Love is blind!  
You were the messenger of Destiny  
That paused before my dwelling undivined.  
A year ago your spirit was for me  
The pearl a diver risks his life to find —  
And passes in the darkness of the sea.

## *HAUNTED*

WHAT is that sound on the wind, my Love,  
That little wail of fright?  
Is it the cry of a lone lost dove  
Somewhere up in the boughs above  
Our window this wild night?

What is that shadow along the wall  
That wavers and is still?  
It is very faint and very small  
To fill my soul with this weird appal,  
This weight of unknown ill.

O Love, there are fingers upon my hair,  
And yours are fast in mine!  
Is it a breath of the midnight air  
That blows on my forehead and lingers there?  
Or is it a ghostly sign?

Gather me close in your strong arms, Dear,  
And hold me tenderly;  
For I dare not whisper the thing I fear,  
Unless I feel you near — Oh, near —  
To the throbbing heart of me!

It is not a shadow that wavers there,  
Nor a dove that moans in pain,  
Nor a breath of the night wind on my hair:  
*'Tis the pilgrim Soul from the realm of air  
That knocked at our door in vain!*

### SONG OF KRISHNA

I AM all things, and I lie in thine arms!  
Thou dost embrace in me Time and the measure of  
Time,  
The thrill of all joy, and the rush of the stars through  
the outermost virginal void.

I am Love that binds, and I am the great Unbinder.  
Life has no gifts that my hands do not scatter,  
And darkness is the shadow of mine eyelids.

Beauty burns in her veil for the vision of those I embrace.

When I whisper to my Love in the stillness,  
Somewhere on earth a musician hears divine harmony,  
Somewhere a flower opens.

I will not leave thee, for without me there is nothing;  
When thou feelest the touch of thy friend in the night-time, know I am there;

When in the rush of the great waters terror comes nigh thee, know I am there.

All lovers are only the promise of me,  
And what are all lovers beside me?

## YOU

THROUGH you the beauty of the world lies bare.

I feel the breeze like God's breath on my face  
Whispering an unknown word — and everywhere  
I see the vision of a love-lit face.

So strange it seems! A little while ago

I knew not any of these lovely things;  
To all my dreams the demons answered no,  
Darkening the daylight with their evil wings.

Tell me, Belovèd, for your words are wise,  
How do you hold all beauty in your hand,  
And all the host of heaven in your eyes,  
And in your hours the moons of fairyland?

You pass my threshold, and the narrow room  
Is peopled with the tenuous forms of air,  
The barren boughs of faith are all abloom,  
And I am mute with wonder and with prayer.

### *THE VERGE*

OH, tell me, traveller, I pray,  
Where my slain love lies dead!  
My soul has wandered up and down,  
By grief and terror led,  
But found no token save the drops  
Her own bruised feet have bled.

Along the cypress-shaded way  
Strange shadows come and go;  
The ghosts of all love's buried hours  
Walk with me, pale and slow;  
But I would rather go alone,  
Because they beckon so.

Further I fare along the road;  
But there is nothing here  
Save empty spaces, and the glooms  
Where grope weird shapes of fear —  
The grim, mad phantoms of the mind  
That stare and mock and leer.

Somewhere there is an awful place  
Where all dead things lie cold;  
Prayers, passions and forgotten tears,  
Kisses, and lies long told,  
Shame, soft caresses, sleep and faith,—  
They all lie there and mould.

There love may lie. But my tired feet  
Will never find the way.  
They falter. The Lethæan waves  
Lap round them cold and grey.  
In those dead waters let me rest  
Until the Judgment Day!

### *SOMETIME*

SOMETIME the Spring will come with softer green  
Than ever dared to touch the world before;  
Sometime the Guest my soul has never seen  
Will pass the threshold of my waiting door.

Sometime the passion of my book of song  
Will face me in the eyes of Destiny;  
Sometime the Question I have asked so long  
Of the slow stars, will turn and answer me.

A sail, now tossing on the sea of dreams,  
Sometime will rest in the broad port of waking;  
Sometime the Weaver, that now idle seems,  
Will show some splendid fabric of her making.

There lies a light upon the peaks of faith  
That makes my heart beat faster as I climb;  
And wistfully before me floats a wraith —  
The Presence that will walk with me sometime.

### *HE WHO KNOWS LOVE*

HE who knows Love — becomes Love, and his eyes  
Behold Love in the heart of everyone,  
Even the loveless: as the light of the sun  
Is one with all it touches. He is wise  
With undivided wisdom, for he lies  
In Wisdom's arms. His wanderings are done,  
For he has found the Source whence all things run —  
The guerdon of the quest, that satisfies.

He who knows Love becomes Love, and he knows  
All beings are himself, twin-born of Love.  
Melted in Love's own fire, his spirit flows  
Into all earthly forms, below, above;  
He is the breath and glamour of the rose,  
He is the benediction of the dove.

### *LOVE'S PARADOX*

THE tears of hopeless love are bitter-sweet;  
Its cruel rocks that tear the lover's feet  
To him are dearer than the flower-strewn ways —  
The careless ways where youth and pleasure meet.

## IN A WOMAN'S EYES

LAST night I walked with Love along the world,  
The crowded world, so strange to Love and me,  
The freighted sphere, that through the starry sea  
To some uncharted port is blindly whirled.

I walked with Love, our faces luminous  
With that unearthly light which lovers throw  
Around their presence. Passing to and fro,  
The hurrying people paused to look at us.

But in one woman's eyes there blazed red hate  
For me,— a little woman like a dove,  
Drooping and timid, who once walked with Love  
Up to the very entrance of Life's gate;

But feared to lift its latch of destiny,  
And feared to tread upon the sacred ground  
Of that sweet grove where Love and I have found  
The budding rose-tree of Infinity.

Her blue eyes burned down to my startled soul.  
Then Love and I passed on into the wide  
Compassionate solitude where we abide,  
Where Peace has conquered Pain, and crowns his goal.

But through Love's eyes those sad eyes gazed in mine  
Till dawn, not blazing now but dim with weeping;  
And Love and I — a mystic vigil keeping —  
Watched with her spirit in its tear-lit shrine.

O little sister! at your door to-day  
There waits a love you would not understand;  
As if you were my child in some dead land  
To whose long memories I have lost my way.

Or is it all a dream? And from Love's heart —  
Being so blended with him — do I gain  
This comprehension of an alien pain,  
A shadow in whose form I have no part?

### *THE WISDOM OF THE ROSE*

“Do not wound me or I die,  
O my Rose!” I heard him cry;  
“Cover all thy thorns with soft leaves,  
Lest thy lover sigh.”

But I pressed my sharpest thorn  
Deep into his heart that morn;  
Though the pain I felt him suffer  
Left me, too, all torn.

And he died, as he had said,  
Desolate, un comforted,  
And the kind old earth, our Mother,  
Drank the drops he bled.

## *A HIDDEN CHORD*

A GIRL gazed long at Love in going by;  
I saw the great light shining in her eye —

The look Love's eyes have when they gaze at me.  
The quick tears wet my cheek — I wonder why!

## *THE PARTING GUEST*

THE bright-winged Eros came one summer day  
With roses for us, and a smiling claim  
That we should join him in his magic game  
Of making golden images of clay;  
Until I grew weary of his play,  
Weary and burdened with a secret shame  
For every word we uttered in his name:  
Now I am glad that he is flown away.

Let us go up, dear, to the wind-blown hill;  
The air is pure there, and the strong pine-trees  
Laugh in the light. . . . Seems the sheer height  
too chill?  
Nay, draw thy mantle close. In hours like these  
The valley-dweller hears, when all is still,  
The far-off roar of the eternal seas.

## *PETIT AMOUR*

THERE was a little love all lily-pale,  
Too fair and white to breast life's bitter gale.  
It died, as little loves are wont to die,—  
A gnat's death weighed as much in the Great Scale!

## *THE SPECTRE*

OUT of the deep where dim-remembered years  
And buried loves await Time's sure intent,  
Rises the spectre of that far event  
Which taught the master-mystery of tears  
To my expectant heart. How strange appears  
That face, which my imagination lent  
The beauty of God, till — rapt and confident —  
My soul forgot her heritage of fears!

Since last I looked in those illusive eyes,  
My spirit in the lake of lustral flame  
Has been washed white of everything that dies  
In pain. And though this end was not an aim  
He laboured toward, my freed life testifies  
Its debt to him for power, and love, and fame.

## *SISTERHOOD*

SISTER, the world would deem me a strange thing  
To love the former love of my heart's king;

But jealous self bows to the mystic bond —  
We two have drunk deep of one sacred spring!

## *THE BEGGAR*

IN the dim years before I met with you  
I dreamed how Love one day would come to me,  
A plumèd knight, who on his bended knee  
His sovereign lady would acclaim and woo;  
And I should hold his homage as my due,  
With smiling pride elude him, nor agree  
Too readily to listen to his plea,  
Though, as I dreamed, his every word was true.

Then came the night I looked into your eyes . . .  
O love that burns and memory that sears!  
I am no longer proud, though strangely wise  
In the dark lore of ecstasy and tears, —  
A starving beggar at your knees, who cries  
For bread to dull the yearning of the years.

## L'ACADEMISTE

A LEARNÈD fool discovered Love one day,  
And sought to demonstrate his tyrant sway  
In dull iambs. While the muses yawned,  
Love laughed — and shook his wings — and flew away!

## THE STAFF

'Twas long ago, with fasting and with prayer,  
I cut my pilgrim staff from the great tree  
Of sacrifice, and it has been with me  
In all my wandering. Rugged and bare,  
And dry as ancient stone, up the steep stair —  
The winding granite stair of destiny —  
The staff has gone beside me steadily,  
Aye, urged me on under the load of care.

But yesterday the beauty of the Spring  
Trembled through all my being, and I leaned  
Upon my staff — to feel *it* quivering;  
To see that its whole rigid length had greened,  
Had grown all tender with soft buds, that screened  
The eyes of Love. . . . And then I heard him  
sing!

## AT MIDNIGHT

THERE is a nagging nettle in my bed,  
And wayward Sleep goes by with careless tread:

To-night I saw a shadow on Love's face,  
To haunt me for those idle words I said.

## LOVE'S FEAR

I AM afraid, because I love thee so! —

Afraid lest the inexorable years

Instruct thee in the pitiless lore of tears —

Intimate lore I mastered long ago.

My courage falters for thee; but I know

Those secret drops the eyelids of all seers

Are bitter with, before the way appears

Where the wise lilies of compassion grow.

Dear, I shall see thee stricken with despair,

And have no anodyne to ease thy pain,

Nor promise of an answer to thy prayer.

For we invoke the Lord of Life in vain

Who plead against experience, or dare

To turn aside God's arrow — though Love be slain!

## *REQUIESCAT IN PACE*

WHEN Love is dead — why stain his lips with lies!  
Love knows no rest, no honour as he dies;

But goaded to feign joy and life, he wears  
The world's arraignment in his weary eyes.

## *LOVE'S TRAGEDY AND COMEDY*

ONCE on a time in my untutored past,  
I raised an altar to Love's Tragedy  
And covered it with rue and rosemary;  
Then with sad rapture at its base I cast  
My soul in dedication. But at last  
Great Love himself came by and beckoned me  
With slow indulgent smile, so bold and free  
That Tragedy drew down her veil — aghast.

Behind Love came a being robed in flowers —  
Love's Comedy, with summer in her glance;  
The laughing sister whose transforming powers  
Can turn life's laggard march into a dance.  
With Love and her so gaily go the hours,  
I bless them both for my deliverance.

## *WITHOUT THE TEMPLE*

NAY, dear, I do not love you any more!  
Put out the altar fire and close the door.

Love's holy temple that we built for him  
I must profane not — now I love no more.

## *WHEN LOVE COMETH NOT*

THE hours are ages when Love cometh not.  
The very sunshine stays reservedly  
Outside the window, and the vigilant sea  
Booms with a lagging rhythm. Storm shadows blot  
The scroll of heaven; while the uncertain spot  
Of substance where my soul waits, seems to be  
A desert island in eternity,  
Washed by the tides of time, by God forgot.

This cruel hour will pass, and I shall hear,  
Quivering, Love's eager hands upon the door . . .  
Yet there might come a cold, inclement year  
When Love would not avail me as before,  
When I should be less lovely and less dear —  
A wind-blown barque upon a barren shore!

## *EVEN AS YOU AND I*

O BROTHER mine, I hear strange dole of you  
From her who flatters — and takes toll of you!

She must lay off the blinding veil of Self  
To see the strong, true, comrade soul of you.

## *THE MURDERER*

To them that murder Love, of no avail  
Shall be the penance of a thousand years.  
At every midnight to my soul appears  
Upon the sea of sleep a spectral sail.  
I see the moonlight wavering and pale  
On the remembered face of him that steers,  
Deep graven with the ghosts of many tears —  
The weariness of them that love and fail.

And when in the dawn-twilight cold and grey  
I wake, despair and emptiness are mine.  
Though I implore, the vision will not stay;  
But on the purple dim horizon line  
There lies a deeper shadow, for a sign  
That in the night a soul has passed that way.

## *ROSE OF SHIRAZ*

My lover is a Mussulman, 'tis said,  
Whose loves are strung like jewels on a thread.  
I'd rather be the clasp that holds the string  
Than shine alone on any other head.

## *THE SONG OF THE WANDERING WOMAN*

Thou hast broken my soul on the wheel,  
Thou hast drunk of my sorrow as wine,  
Thou hast branded my brow with thy seal,  
And my faith thou hast hung for a sign.

Thou hast spilled all my dreams on the ground  
And broken the strings of my lyre,  
And the chords of my being are bound  
By memories that mock at desire.

Thou has taught me the knowledge of years  
In a day, of despair I am wise;  
Thou hast moistened thy bread with my tears,  
And groped in the gloom of my sighs.

O Belovèd, whose breath is my pain!  
Thy shadow has darkened the world;  
For thy spirit is thunder and rain,  
And thy love is a meteor hurled.

But thy darkness is dearer than light.  
So I die, and my cry to be free  
Is a song of redemption to God in the night  
For the sins of the world and of me.

### *MANY ADVISERS*

O LOVE, I care not whether they were right —  
The cold advisers, or the words they said,  
When in the teeming silence of the night  
I hear your heart throb underneath my head!

### *IN THE DAWNLIGHT*

BELOVED, whose garment is life,  
Whose eyes are the twin wonders of light and the  
vision of light:  
Give me a glimpse behind the cosmical veil that covers  
Thy beauty,  
Make palpable to me a touch of Thine inscrutable ten-  
derness.  
I would know the self-sufficiency of Thy love,  
For I am weary of all Love's demands and apologies.  
I would be solitary as the quiet stars,  
Though intimate with the world as a nursing child  
with its mother.  
I would dream to-day on the orient lake with the lotus,

I would strive to-morrow with the northern pine in the  
tempest.

In the morning I would wander alone looking for the  
lost Pleiad in the vast meadows of Taurus,

I would swarm in the afternoon with the myriad bees  
in the clover meadows of Earth.

I would mumble prayers with the pilgrims on the road  
to Mecca,

I would laugh with the children of joy in the groves  
of Bacchus.

Deep in the hearts of all the earth-kindred are secrets  
I hunger to learn.

When I hear the call of the wild bird in the spring-  
time,

There stirs in me the vague responsive mate-longing  
of the woods.

The moody look in the eyes of the caged panther fills  
me with fear;

But there is a thought in his brain that I need for a  
marvellous poem,

And I shall never be wise till I understand its mean-  
ing.

I have seen in the eyes of a dog I have slighted a look  
that shamed me,

The dignity of the love that waits and questions not —  
transcending my own for my lover!

I would be friends with the earthworm, and even the  
robin distrusts me;

There is something known to the squirrels that books  
have never taught me,

But when I question them they always run away.  
And the silence that broods in the sacred aisles of the  
    congregated pine-trees —  
Is gone with the sound of my footsteps!

But somewhere the transcendent Wonder awaits me —  
The vision of primordial and ultimate Love that is  
    hidden in the dark of the ages before and after:  
It but awaits the destined hour to make me one with  
    all things.  
Will the revelation come to me in the eyes of my lover?  
Will it come in the symbols of a dream, haloed around  
    with the light of its own interpretation?  
Is it something divine that shall penetrate and possess  
    me?  
Or only the boundless expansion of all that is I?

### *TWIN-SOULS*

I AM thy fellow-spirit  
    Who journeyed at thy side  
Before the Sphinx was builded,  
    Before Osiris died.

I am thy soul's companion  
    Who lost thee in the wave  
That rose when old Atlantis  
    Went down to her sea-grave.

One greater than great Isis  
    Joined, with a rite sublime,  
Thy soul and mine together  
    In the far dawn of time.

When to thine eyes at midnight  
    The tears unbidden start,  
And vague bewildered longings  
    Ache in thy lonely heart,

Know that my soul is calling  
    Somewhere, and making moan  
Unto the laggard Future  
    To give it back its own.

When in the ghostly twilight  
    A shadow on the wall  
Sets all thy nerves aquiver —  
    'Tis I, who mutely call;

And when the passionate springtime  
    Renews its ancient quest,  
I am the vagrant wonder  
    That trembles in thy breast.

## *THE BUNGLER*

I MADE a man out of my own great need.  
I took the body of one ready-formed  
In Nature's workshop, but its blood I warmed  
With my own fire. Half of my soul I freed  
To animate the form; the dream, the deed  
That makes man godlike, these from the great void  
I conjured, and my temple veil destroyed  
That he might see the image burn and bleed.

But when I questioned this created thing,  
There was no voice to answer; for the breath  
Divine I had not given — could not give!  
Confounded before God, I only bring  
Into creation's hall this masque of death,  
Which wears the mould of life but does not live.

## *SPRING-SONG OF THE MINSTREL*

You who are to be my comrade  
Down the wide road of the world,  
Spring is come, with greenening banners  
On the loving wind unfurled.

Though the way ahead is rugged,  
Like all ways that we have trod,  
We will rest us every evening  
In the leafy tents of God.

We will leave behind life's luggage,  
We shall only need a lyre;  
We will robe ourselves in sunbeams,  
Warm us at the lyric fire.

Earth's possessions are so heavy,  
They would hinder us, I fear;  
For our feet must walk the rainbow  
As it swerves from sphere to sphere.

Hark! The dewy dawn is calling  
Us to take the sunward way.  
Forward, singing wild, free music,  
Let us tramp the trail of day.

### *THE LOVE OF WOMAN*

DEAR, I will stand beside thee to the end,  
Thy loving mate, thy comforter, thy friend.

If peace and plenitude shall bless thy ways,  
I will enjoy them with thee all my days.

If shame and sin should be thy bitter lot,  
My faith will cover thee and question not.

If thou art false to me, then I will say  
Thy spirit fell asleep that cruel day;

But thou wilt wake, and need my loving care,  
So I will watch with fasting and with prayer.

## *THE SLUMBERER*

O THOU mysterious One lying asleep  
Within the lonely chamber of my soul!  
Thou art my life's true goal,  
Thine is the only altar that I keep.  
Rapt in the contemplation of thy repose,  
I see in thy still face that Mystic Rose  
Whose perfume is my soul's imaginings,  
And Beauty at whose awesomeness I weep  
With over-plenitude of ecstasy.  
Thy slumber is the great world-mystery —  
The paradigm of all the latent things  
That in their destined hour Time magnifies:  
Its emblems are the intimate hush that lies  
Over the moonlit lake;  
The wonder and the ache  
Of unborn love that trembles in its sleep;  
The hope that thrills the heavy earth  
With presage of becoming, and vast birth;  
The secret of the caverns of the deep.

## *THE VIOLIN*

I HOLD between my quivering hands  
A violin new-strung,  
Wrought of a master builder's love  
To be the passionate tongue  
Of the unseen, to utter sounds  
Never on earth yet sung.

Mute though it lies and musicless,  
My breath across the strings,  
Warm with the love that bares to me  
The mystic soul of things,  
Wakens the slumbering tones and stirs  
Melodious murmurings.

Dreamy it is with memories  
Of that reborn desire  
That in this fibre buried deep  
The builder's heart of fire.  
O Violin! the magic bow  
Is all the gods require,

Out of the silence of your soul  
To smite the rhythmic flame  
Of pain and rapture, and achieve  
The indomitable aim,  
Sounding through all infinity  
The demiurgic Name.

O Violin, my violin!  
'Tis fateful to command  
The silences to utter sound.  
The wise gods understand  
When I would lift the magic bow  
Why trembles so my hand.

BY THE SEA

OH, turn your dreamy eyes now to the sea!  
Turn them a moment, dear, away from me  
To where the world, to our self-bounded sight,  
Begins to be.

We two can see but such a little way!  
Although the sun is bright for us to-day,  
What lies beyond this hour's horizon rim  
We cannot say.

Perhaps that purple speck against the blue  
May be the mast-head of some ship long due  
From destiny's dim port, with priceless pearls  
For me and you.

Will we not melt the purest in our wine  
And drink the draught together, for a sign  
Unto the gods of being that their best  
Is yours and mine?

Or, if the cargo prove but common dust,  
We will accept it, for the stars are just;  
And we will make a road of it, and laugh —  
As brave ones must.

Dear heart, I have no easy words to say  
The many things that I have felt to-day  
Here by the sea, with destiny and you  
And life at play.

The sand around us, where to you and me  
The world's self-conscious centre seems to be,  
Is like that far unknown horizon rim  
To those at sea.

And so this hour that sings itself away  
Was on our life's horizon yesterday,  
Although unknown to us as yonder ship,  
As seeming grey.

Oh, turn your eyes from the horizon, dear!  
My hands are trembling as the ship draws near.  
Hold them and tell me — Love! — whether it be  
With hope or fear.

### *GOOD-BYE*

DEAR, we have made Love's fleeting days  
Bewilderingly sweet,  
But now the world's long, lonely ways  
Yearn for your lingering feet.

Why do you tarry at the door  
And gaze at me with tears?  
Is it because time holds no more  
Years like our vanished years?

Your royal gift of self I hold,  
Shrined in my heart and brain;  
The master-secret you have told  
Me, I shall tell again.

And on that unregarded road  
That you will travel soon,  
The beauty that my love bestowed  
Shall be some pilgrim's boon.

Justified now by the true past  
And trusting truth to be,  
I yield you to the future's vast  
Inscrutable decree.

### *IN THE SOUL'S HOUSE*

O BRIGHT-WINGED Love, whose ways are mystery,  
Whose hours no man may reckon! I have swept  
And burnished my soul's house, where long I kept  
The body of one dead and hopelessly  
Gazed at the flickering candles ranged by thee  
Around his head and feet. But I who wept,  
Now weep no longer; I who sadly slept  
Under the pall, have burned it and stand free.  
And I have climbed the stairs of the high tower  
That looks upon the sunrise. Robed in white,  
My spirit, ever virgin, waits the hour  
When thou, Love, the dawn-wonder, veiled in light,  
Shalt touch the world and me with quickening power,  
And drive all dead things down the nether night.

## THE COMING OF LOVE

I HAVE sought Love all my days;  
Down the world's long dusty ways  
I have listened for his footsteps,  
I have sung his praise.

I have offered in his name  
Peace and solitude and fame  
On my spirit's hidden altar —  
But he never came.

Sometimes in the tenuous night  
I have felt the still delight  
Of a presence; but it vanished  
With the morning light.

Till I wearied of the quest,  
Of the yearning in my breast;  
And I whispered to my lone heart,  
“Let us be at rest:

“Love's unsullied mystery  
Is not meant for thee and me;  
We are too deep-stained with living —  
It could never be!”

Then before I was aware  
Came a breath across my hair,  
While a stillness strange and reverent  
Held the waiting air;

And my spirit, strong and sweet,  
Rose the long-sought guest to greet,  
Rose — then bent to kiss the garment  
Round his shining feet.

### *SONG OF THE MORTAL SUN-BRIDE*

THOU Supreme One, Lord of my Lord,  
Thou who art throned in the centre of each and every  
thing,  
The lights of whose chamber are souls that keep vigil,  
Be merciful unto me in this night of my wakefulness  
And leave me not alone with my own moon-shadow.

Leave me not alone, or the Dark will lay its hands  
upon me!  
I would be chaste of the touch of the hands of Dark-  
ness —  
I whom the Lord of Light held as a spouse this day in  
the high noon,  
While Earth lent me the veil of her own bridal,  
And Ocean murmured the benediction of the waters.

On this night of wonder I would not be alone, O Su-  
preme One!  
For my Lord is away carrying Thy message through the  
regions of the Underworld,  
And when he returns he will bring the morning.  
The Dark and the fear of the Dark will flee before  
him,

And hide in the cavern of the mountains.  
I shall need no more to cover my head with the veil of  
the illusion of indifference,  
For the eyes of my Lord have looked into mine in the  
daytime,  
And have found no shame therein.

Thou who art throned in the centre of each and every  
thing,  
Hide me in the closure of Thy hand until the morning,  
For the eyes of fear are upon me.  
Rememberest Thou the look of my Lord in the hour  
of his beauty,  
When the power of the gods was with him?  
Uncovered he was by even a veil of vapour!  
I saw in the face of the western sky the desire of him,  
The Void opened her arms to him.  
Now in the houses of Thine Underworld are many  
dangers,  
And the Dragons of the Zodiac are full of malice.

Oh, restore to me my Lord, my Belovèd!  
The belt of Orion would be laid aside at Thy bidding;  
Alcyone is a lily in Thy garden;  
The Milky Way is a veil that hides Thy beauty.  
And I? I am bound to the unlit side of one of Thy  
smaller planets,  
I am weak as a blade of grass, my days are drops of  
rain.

The night is far spent.  
Trembling I turn toward the dark closed tent of the  
    East,  
The tent whose floor opens into the future.  
Straining my eyes for the first pale streak of dawn  
    under the curtains,  
I wait. . . .  
Will it come like the thin white blade of a sword to  
    slay me?  
Will it come like the petal of a blush rose, tremulous,  
    pink with unspeakable promise?

### *UNDER THE STARS*

Love, you have made me dizzy with your eyes!  
They are as deep and star-sown as the skies;  
They reach above me in their bourneless blue —  
O high, vast, swimming firmament of You!  
Trembling, I clutch your hand, so sure and strong:  
As one who gazes on the stars too long —  
Till he is dizzy with their awful height  
And the earth's motion through the trackless night —  
Clings to the solid ground, and hides his face,  
Lest he be flung into the sea of space.

## *THE MAN-CHILD*

O WONDERFUL small being that my Love  
Made of his dreams before he dreamed of me!  
Trembling I bend above  
Your terrifying softness, for I see  
Something in you that made the stars afraid  
Before their moons were made.  
Strong is my soul to dare resistant things;  
But with the pressure of your powerless hand  
My will is like a bird with broken wings,  
And all my words are written in the sand.

And she who bore you is the sacred vase  
That held the wine of Love's high sacrament,  
The still Madonna to whose bower was sent  
The angel of God's grace.

No other worshipper will come like me,  
O man-child! with such offerings for your sake;  
For I know all the secrets of the sea,  
And of men's souls that ache;  
I know the mystery in women's eyes,  
The mute word never said,  
The laws that are the wonder of the wise,  
And why they smile so strangely who are dead.

## *SAPPHICS*

APHRODITE, lady of Love, O hear me!  
I have sung thy praises the heavy day long;  
Now at nightfall, sorrowing still, my heart bows  
Humbly before thee.

Pity thou me, lonely without the garden  
Where the rose blooms; mad for the beauty somewhere  
Hidden from me, under the veil of twilight  
Wonder and shadow.

Let me drink deep, deep of the dew that lies cool  
On the young flower! Give me, O Aphrodite!  
Dew for Love's thirst, nectar of night to ease this  
Fever that burns me.

Give me Love's dark rose of divine caresses —  
Rose of deep curled petals the day has known not,  
Passion's own flower, woven of dream and perfume,  
Ardour and anguish.

Thine are strange ways, pitiless Aphrodite!  
Lone, denied love, weeping I go with mute lips  
Where the night-blind, merciful waters will not  
Know nor deny me.

## OUTSIDE

TAKE me again to the house of thy heart, Belovèd!  
Here in the outer world there is rain and thunder,  
Dragons of unbelief and the formless terror.

Over the earth-face clings the night like a wet veil;  
Down from the mountain comes the wail of the wild  
things,  
Up from the ocean the scream of the wind-blown sea-  
mew.

I am alone with the night and the rain is upon me,—  
Nothing to cover my head but a beggar's garment.  
Take me again to the house of thy heart, Belovèd!

## AN EPISTLE

You, too near me for grievance or pardon,  
Nearer than pride, dearer than power,  
Oh! could you not, while I prayed in the garden,  
Watch with my soul one hour?

Out where the blossom of life uncloses,  
You and I on the path of Love  
Walked in his wistful moon of roses,  
One with the bloom thereof.

You in your soul did the dream uncover,  
    Reading the stars like a master of fate —  
You the indomitable lover  
    Daring to call me mate!

Never since Time for a bridal token  
    Gave to the moon the reins of the sea,  
Man to woman such word has spoken,  
    Love, as you spoke to me.

How could I know that the book of sorrow,  
    Blotted with tears by the ages shed,  
Charged to my score for a stern to-morrow  
    Every word you said?

I was a pilgrim, a lyric dreamer,  
    Seeking the Grail round the sceptical earth;  
You were my fiery faith's redeemer,  
    Lighting the cold grey dearth.

Oh! when the eyes of the stranger signed you,  
    Though I had lingered so long away,  
Came no wraith of the past to remind you  
    I should return some day?

Never since earth's remote beginning  
    Two moons hung in a dual sky;  
Never two spinners were one thread spinning  
    But one spun awry.

Though the desired sun knows all places,  
One line only his noon-rays mark;  
Only one hemisphere he faces,  
Leaving the other dark.

Love, when the waxing moon is rounded  
I and my songs in your arms will sink.  
Even now is the draught compounded  
Our two mouths shall drink.

What of the veil of alien kisses,  
Passionate hours and dreams and sighs,—  
Veil of unendurable blisses  
Now drawn over your eyes?

Once your eyes were wells untroubled,  
Calm as the infinite Question of space:  
Gazing deep, I beheld there doubled  
Only my own rapt face.

Oh! shall I turn from the wells though clouded,  
Missing the verity hid in the wrong,—  
Turn with my pain and passion shrouded  
Under the sleeve of song?

Nay, I will drink of the mingled waters,  
Bitter-sweet though the drinking be,  
Even as the pale wise merman's daughters  
Drink the salt sweet sea.

Then shall I know the power that humbles,  
    Feel the compassionate touch that heals,  
See how the Self's thin mirror crumbles  
    Under Life's vast wheels.

Then shall I know the hidden places,  
    Turn the great last leaves of the Book,  
Read the wonder in women's faces  
    Where God dares not look.

### *THE ANGEL*

God sent an angel down to me,  
    A sweet and shining one,  
With deep eyes veiled in mystery  
    And garments like the sun;  
And in its open hand the key  
    No lone soul ever won.

I heard it singing down the sky  
    Before I saw its face;  
I listened, and I wondered why  
    My life's familiar place  
Seemed new with wonder, like a high  
    Mountain awash with space.

It came and touched me with its hand,  
    And kissed me on the brow,  
And told me of a fabled land  
    Far off, and whispered now

Things that I feared to understand —  
A message and a vow.

And I was frightened by its power,  
And anguished with its pain;  
And all its beauty seemed the dower  
Of my bewildered brain;  
And I was eager for the hour  
The angel should be slain.

But they are strong, the shining ones  
Who house behind the stars,  
And run wild races round the suns,  
And bend the rainbow's bars,  
And bring to grieve the moon's white nuns  
Red messages from Mars.

I, too, am strong, and in affright  
Because it seems so fair,  
I find its throbbing throat, dream-white,  
And clutch my fingers there,  
And through the long, warm, moon-mad night  
I slay it with despair.

And though it struggles in my hold,  
And strives to kiss the hand  
That strangles it, and turns me cold  
With tender fire — the sand  
Of Time falls fast, and I am bold —  
But do not understand.

For I know not — Ah, woe is me! —  
Whether I do right well,  
And save me from the agony  
No woman's lips may tell,  
Or if I stand a moment free —  
But doom my soul to hell.

### *TO THE UNKNOWN LOVE*

SLOWLY the seasons come and go,  
And we are still apart!  
We know not each the other's face,  
Though deep in the lone heart  
Burns evermore the flame of hope —  
The fever and the smart.

Sometimes within the nether mind  
Vague memories arise  
Of other times and other climes,  
Of lips and brow and eyes.  
Sometimes it seems the murmuring breeze  
Is heavy with your sighs.

I hear your voice whenever a bird  
Pours out its wild love song,  
And in the moaning of the sea  
When nights are drear and long.  
My eyes look restlessly for yours  
Through every passing throng.

Somewhere you lie alone to-night,  
Calling me wistfully.  
Oh, that the earthly veil might fall  
And let the spirit see!  
It may be only yonder wall  
Separates you and me.

### *THE LONELY QUEST*

LONG did my soul interrogate the stars,  
For news of one remembered from a day  
When earth and I were younger. A great way  
We walked together, then the iron bars  
Of God divided us. I bear the scars  
Of lonely lives, of lonely loves; the spray  
Of doubt has drenched my faith, but could not stay  
My quest through all Time's changing calendars.

And last night when I walked where angels call  
Softly to one another round the white  
Circle of heaven, I found him once again,—  
Found him a watcher on the Guardian Wall,  
A torch of sacrifice, a nameless light  
For the dark wilderness of mortal pain.

## *SALUTATION TO THE LORD OF LOVE*

THOU who art Master of Life and of Death and of  
Time, I salute thee!

Thine are the unknown ways and the soul's hid purpose  
forever.

Under thy feet is the orbit of earth, and thy rhyth-  
mical breathing

Blows the worlds through the void and the stars on  
their weariless journey.

Thee I salute! Thou art fairer than youth in the  
morn, my Belovèd,—

Source of the morn and youth; and the years are but  
motes in the sunbeam

Thine eyes cast on the wind-swept ocean of Time.  
By thy footsteps

Aeon on aeon is measured, and thine is the gauge of a  
moth's life.

Thine is the gauge of the soul; and my song, and my  
love, and my love's pain

Mingle as atoms of sand on the shores of the sea of  
thy being.

Thee I salute! I, less than obedient dust in thy service,  
Now am chosen, exalted high as the gods in thy favour.

Why is the marvel, Belovèd? How do I merit the  
jewel

Hung by thy hand on my neck? In the night of my  
need I besought thee,

Praying the boon of the mere stones pressed by thy  
feet on the highway —

Only the stones of the road. Thou hast flung me the  
stars for my wearing!

Even in childhood's days I, singled out for thy blessing,  
Saw unveiled that Beauty which moves on the surface  
of all things,

Saw revealed that quivering Wonder that hides in the  
shadow;

Aye, thou hast sounded the Word of original speech in  
my hearing.

These were as nothing, Belovèd! Only to-day have I  
taken

Time by the hand, strong Love by the lips, great Life  
by his breathing;

Now with Time I am one, and with Love, and with  
Life and the whole world.

Thee I salute, O Belovèd, here at the hem of thy gar-  
ment!

Lo, as a friend I behold thee, entering the door of my  
dwelling

Robed in thy mantle of splendour — Thou the In-  
spirer, the Unknown! —

Reaching to touch my soul with the torch that enkindles  
the ages,

Lighting the fire on my altar, the yearning that knows  
no abatement.

## THE WAY

It is no smooth and daisy-spangled way  
That my soul's feet have travelled. They that go  
Always upon the safe path never know  
The wider wisdom we who go astray  
Learn of the gods that guide us. We must slay  
Dragons at every turn; but they bestow  
Their powers upon their conquerors, and we grow  
Richer for every forfeit that we pay.

I walked with Toil and Dream and Love and Hate,  
Who all their hidden lore to me confessed;  
No staff had I, nor scrip to deal with Fate,  
Only the lamp of faith to light my quest;  
But when I stood before the goal's high gate,  
'Twas opened wide, as for a royal guest.

### III

### AZELON



## AZELON

O AZELON, I wonder why  
Your smile should make the planet shake!  
I wonder why your voice should make  
The stars so dizzy in the sky.

I wonder why until the dawn  
I cannot find the gate of sleep,  
And dreams go by like frightened sheep,  
Seeking the fold of Azelon.

I wonder how the thought of you,  
Once pale as the first green of 'spring,  
Has grown to cover everything,  
With hopes like Mayflowers shining through.

When I confer with Destiny  
The Moon is my astrologer,  
Because I heard you speak to her  
One midnight when you walked with me.

I question every daisy bed  
For omens — but they answer not.  
The very Spring is in a plot  
To snarl my heart's bewildered thread.

The violet hints your eyes are blue,  
And laughs — my query to evade.  
'Tis strange, you make me so afraid,  
I never dare to look at you!

O Azelon, my cheek is pale!  
The season's footsteps are so slow!  
A rose may half forget to blow  
In listening for the nightingale.

Some day, when you are passing by,  
If I should dare to drop one sweet  
Shy pale pink rose-leaf at your feet —  
I wonder would you question why!

### *FAR AWAY*

If you should come and stand in yonder door  
And look at me, I would not feel surprise;  
For I have grown familiar with your eyes  
In dreaming of you. All day long I pore  
Over that volume of unwritten lore —  
The words you might have said, the smiles, the sighs  
That wild imagination prophesies  
When we come face to face, as heretofore.

Yet if a letter came for me to-day  
In your strange writing, I should tremble so  
The very messenger, I think, would know  
Something my soul is yet afraid to say  
Even in the dark, when tossing to and fro  
I seek the path of sleep, and lose my way.

## IN MAY

SOMETIMES a fear blows cold upon my heart  
That we may come no nearer, after all;  
And then the grey November shadows fall  
Over the green May meadows. Many start  
Upon the way of Love, only to part  
At the first cross-roads; and the buds are small  
Upon Love's apple-trees — Oh, very small! —  
And ripening days are distant as thou art.

But when at night on each celestial bough  
I watch the sweet star-blossoms one by one  
Unfold their shining leaves, the morrow's sun  
Rising at dawn seems no more sure than thou;  
And my soul's timid, silent orison  
Is answered by thy soul's unworded vow.

## PERVASION

You are all vague and haunting things to me.  
The shimmer of the moonlight on the mere  
Is your strange being, and the brooding fear  
Of the black midnight. Everywhere I see  
A symbol of you; in the cedar tree  
That dreams beside my window, in the clear  
Eyes of the lonely stars, in the austere  
And melancholy ocean's mystery.

Never the moon beholds my secret hours  
But you behold me, never the grey dawn  
Comes without word of you on its cool breath.  
And will I feel you in my coffin flowers,  
When over Time's cold borders I am drawn  
By the inexorable desires of Death?

### *SHADOW-LOVE*

DEAR, do you wonder when I turn away  
Sometimes without a word? 'Tis lest you know  
The frightened secret I have guarded so!  
When you are gentlest, then a wild dismay  
Blows round my soul's frail dwelling, and I stay  
Far from the windows. Only when you go  
And leave me alone with Love does the flame glow  
White on the midnight altar where I pray.

How strange it is that I who fear your eyes  
Fear not your soul! for through the grove of dreams  
I walk with you unveiled and unafraid  
In spirit converse. But the dawn denies  
Faith to the man and woman, nor redeems  
One lovely pledge the daring shadows made.

## OLD SONGS

TO-DAY I read some strange old songs of yours,  
Sung to another woman long ago.

Love, I am glad! for now I know. . . . I know  
That you *can* love, and the wild knowledge cures  
My deepest pain of all. Passion endures:

A blade well tempered in the furnace glow  
Never grows brittle, but endures the snow,  
The ice, the night of boreal temperatures.

I bless her, that veiled woman of the past,  
I pledge her beauty in my soul's red wine.  
She surely is less than I, for I am last. . . .

Mine is the future. And her star shall shine  
High in my firmament, immortal, vast. . . .

For I am Woman, and the songs are mine.

## LOVE-GLANCE

LAST night I saw a look in your strange eyes —

A light — a something that half blinded me,  
So like it was to the sudden ecstasy  
Of waking love, which starts in sweet surprise  
That dawn is at the window. . . . But too wise,

Too wise am I in secret tears to see  
The sun at midnight, or a prophecy  
Of joy in any star in your dark skies!

And yet . . . great Athon gazed at me just so,  
The night he made his holy vows a stair  
For me to climb by. . . . But my brain says no:  
The veriest pagan may recite a prayer  
To his own god before Christ's image. Go  
Thy lone strong way, my heart. Beware,  
beware!

### *THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW*

WHY is your sadness sweeter than all song,  
And the cold clasp of your mysterious hands  
More warming than the fire? Ghosts of far lands  
And lives unnumbered at your coming throng  
The chambers of my house, and in the long  
Hours of your absence your still wraith demands  
More than your presence dares — and understands  
The weakness of my heart you deem so strong.

Until I fear some day I may mistake  
The substance for the shadow, and reveal  
All that I tremble now lest you surmise.  
Wary my heart must be, for pride's cold sake;  
And lest you be an infidel, conceal  
With painted screens the door of paradise.

## THE BECKONER

ONE day a vision came and beckoned me  
Out of the still grey halls where solitude  
Waits for the guest whose coming must elude  
The mocking eyes of Life and Destiny.  
I followed, and the vision bade me see  
The garden of dreams whose lilies never die,  
The rainbow of Love's promise in the sky,  
The arbour of faith whose walls are mystery.

Breathless I cried, "Who art thou?" And he said,  
"My name is *Might Have Been*. I am accurst  
By all men, but my boons shall make thee strong:  
Take on thy lids my chrism of tears unshed,  
My bitter wine of knowledge for thy thirst,  
And for thy breast the barren rose of song."

## THE GATE

You are the gate of that walled paradise  
That I can never enter, and your word  
Is like the angel of the flaming sword  
That turns all ways. Belovèd, I am wise —  
Not from the tree of knowledge, but your eyes;  
And sad with all the meanings underscored  
In God's great book of Passion. . . . Dream adored!  
adored!  
I slay it daily, but it never dies.

You are the gate behind whose iron bars  
The rose of life is red, and in the dusk  
The angel walks among the waving grain.  
I walk outside, beneath the shivering stars;  
My only harvest is the empty husk,  
My only flower the lily of white pain.

### *THE SECRET JEWELS*

OH, little do you know how rich you are  
In priceless jewels! I have given you  
Thousands of pearls, my tears, all pure and new  
From the deep seas of sorrow; a great bar  
Of rubies for your sword — not mined afar,  
But my heart's blood drops; opals of strange hue —  
My moonlight dreams that never will come true;  
And crowning all, my faith — a diamond star.

But these rich gifts I bring you secretly,  
Hiding them in the dark and silent ground  
Beside your door; for I could never bear  
That you should know how you impoverish me,  
Could not endure that when the gems are found  
You gaze at me in wonder — and not care!

## WHEN WE ARE OLD

My friend, when you and I are very old,  
And meet each other after many years,  
And sit together by the fire, that cheers  
Those shivering ones whose love-fires have grown cold;  
Then maybe I will say to you: "Behold  
These sweet song-flowers I watered with my tears  
When I was fresh as they; my woman-fears  
Hid them till beckoning Death had made me bold."

And lying all alone in the dark night,  
You will remember that my mouth was red,  
My hand was warm, my shoulder smooth and white;  
Remember and weep the love you never gave,  
And toss till daylight on your dreamless bed,  
And shudder — thinking of the lonely grave.

## SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI

With you pass all the glories of the hills,  
Green with the dream and promise of the spring.  
The robin leaves on chill autumnal wing  
My budding Northland, and the hidden rills  
Shudder as in November. The wood stills  
Her breath to listen for you, who now sing  
No more about her chambers. Everything  
Beautiful passes with you, and vague ills  
Whisper together hoarsely just outside

The door of life. . . . O Love! the clouds can tell  
In sobbing rain their heaviness, the tide  
Rises with word of power; but I who dwell  
Between the granite walls of pain and pride,  
With never a tear endure the great farewell.

### *PASSION SEEDS*

'Tis sweeter far to gaze in your soft eyes  
One little moment, without word or touch,  
Than any love-embrace I ever knew.

Your breath the other night upon a book  
We read together, fluttered a loose page —  
And my soul shivered like a willow-leaf.

What mystic counsel did your mother hold  
With God, ten moons ere ever you were born,  
That you should wear the rainbow round your head?

Here is a riddle for the dual Sphinx:  
When you are far away — you seem so near;  
When you are near — you seem so far away.

Until I loved you, Dear, I never knew  
How sad the eyes one passes in the street,  
How still the world an hour before the dawn.

If you should die and learn my guarded love,  
Then would I burn a lamp till the sun rose —  
Fearing to face your spirit in the dark!

Your letters, Dear, are like the gentle winds  
That make the grey woods weep, on some soft day  
In winter when the boughs are bare of leaves.

To-day I heard a wandering harp-player  
Under my window, and in every tone  
The words of love that you will never say.

If I could dip my pen in your red blood,  
Then would I write such songs — such passion songs —  
That even you would wonder whom I loved.

The schools of all the world could not have taught  
So deep a knowledge as my soul has learned  
In the stern college of your calm regard.

How strange that I, who have explored far seas,  
Charting new islands on the map of Love,  
Should steer my boat upon this jagged reef!

Your lip is like a petal of that rose  
That blossomed in the shadow of the Cross —  
Red as the mystic flower of Golgotha.

How many hopeless lovers must have died,  
Hiding in guarded shrines their sacred fire,  
Ere Sappho wept for Phaon in old days!

Maybe some lonely heart in unborn years  
Will bless your coldness: Had you given me love,  
I had made songs for you — but not these songs.

Your shadow on the granite wall of pain  
Has shown me more of beauty than the full  
Sunlight in all the rose-bowers of the world.

What matter though the iron doors of Fate  
Part us forever? Love is everywhere,  
And you are mine — though I am never yours.

I never knew how chaste my spirit was  
Till I touched you: Love's scarlet flame is mild,  
But his crucible is whiter than blown snow.

I saw a man and woman with a child,  
Happy together . . . and I stole away  
Among the shadows of the lonely woods.

Your praises of my songs are like the dole  
Given a minstrel who in silence knows  
He is the secret first-born of the King.

I dread to see the blossoms of the spring:  
The violet, the white lily and the rose,  
Will haunt me with your eyes, your brow, your mouth.

Before I saw your face, I always wondered  
Why the blue moonlight, and the moaning sea,  
And the grey dawn, had filled my soul with tears.

"I care no more," I said, and lightly sang.  
And then I saw you passing in the street. . . .  
And I was very still, and sang no more.

If you should ever understand and say,  
"Take all I have, though less than your long love,"  
Then would I smile — but go far off from you.

Only from you to me the Love Supreme  
Or nothing — as that rebel archangel  
Chose hell to standing second before God.

Your boon of thorns is my immortal wreath;  
And save for you I never could have known  
How One so loved the world — that loved him not!

### *THE STILLBORN*

THE burden of my love for thee has grown  
Intolerable; 'tis heavy as a child  
Under my heart, and struggles to be born.  
Long have I borne it in my burning womb  
Hidden from all; have laughed and gone my way  
Among the virgins. . . . But my hour is come,  
My mantle of indifference grows too narrow  
Longer to screen my secret, and I creep  
Into the lonely garden of confession  
Under the stars; no lesser eyes should see  
The weakness of my tears. The stars are old,

And some bear women's names. Surely the stars  
Will understand; surely they will not chide,  
Nor shame me with cheap pity, who am strong  
And ask no pity of the stars or gods.

How long ago it seems, that winter night  
When in a sudden rapture the small seed  
That now has grown so mighty, fixed itself  
Deep in the soil of my being! I have seen  
Since then the snow upon the rolling fields  
Make way for the daisy, I have seen the rose  
Blossom and fade, the busy harvesters  
Gathering the grain. Now in a little while  
Shall I behold something the dews of night  
Will warm their liquid hearts to lie upon.

Let me not cry aloud, remembering  
All things are born in pain; remembering  
That every pain shall pass and be no more  
Even a memory. Had not yonder plain  
Pangs poignant as a woman's in giving birth  
To the blue mountain? Are not master-songs  
Born of the poet's travail and his tears?  
Let me not cry aloud! Had my own mother  
Never known pain, I never had known song,  
And the green world had never known of me.

A little while and I shall understand  
More than Minerva, answer the great question  
That graved the wrinkles on the Sphinx's brow.  
Only a little while and I shall look

Love in the face — if it be not born dead,  
Having endured too deep prenatal grief.  
Shall I be frightened when I feel its breath,  
Knowing the woe that waits all breathing things?

Much have I sung of Love in other days,  
When I have walked with Joy in the high hills,  
Careless and free. Having beheld its face,  
Shall I pass awed and silent down the years,  
Hushed with a knowledge beyond joy and song?

### *THE INTERVENER*

I LEANED entranced upon a flowery gate,  
When a stern figure faced me in disguise.  
I thought it was the iron hand of Fate  
That turned me from that poppied paradise;  
But gazing up, with stifled word of hate,  
I saw instead — my Guardian Angel's eyes!



**IV**

**THE HUMAN MIRROR**

**A RHAPSODY**



## THE HUMAN MIRROR

### *A Rhapsody*

#### I

BELOVED, all the beauty and the dream  
That trembled into being from the dark,  
When God's original creative spark  
Went singing through the void of the Supreme,  
Thou dost reflect for me  
In the effulgent mirror of thy form.  
Everywhere on thy warm  
And glimmering surface beckons visibly  
The wraith of that divine and mystic key  
That can unlock the double-doors of Being.  
Thy semblances are symbols in my sight  
Of that Reality beyond our seeing,  
Whose shadows are our glimpses of the Light.

Oh, that thine eyes could see  
The epiphany thou art!  
Love's vision has unveiled the moving mirror,  
And in thy clear reflection shown to me  
Him, thy great archetypal counterpart —  
Creator and Preserver and Destroyer —  
Whose breath brings forth the whirling universe,  
And whose inbreathing draws it back again,  
In the dark Sea of Silence to immerse  
The links of Time's long chain.

All forms lie only half-concealed in thee:  
The curve that hints the circle hidden, the line  
Straight as an arrow from Creation's bow,  
The pentacle, the trine,  
The royal square, the demiurgic sign,—  
These are the symbols of thy sovereignty.  
Magi of Love, they will reveal to me  
The mysteries they know.

Thy kisses are the very potency  
Of the immortal Breath,  
A whisper on the winds of ecstasy  
Blown from the green fields beyond life and death.  
My fluid soul that presses quivering  
The shores of Being at the touch of thee,  
Is one drop of that primal, spatial sea  
Thrilled by the vibrant touch of God to sing  
The passion-song whose notes are stars and prayers;  
And in the rush of joy my spirit dares  
The rhythm of that planetary music.

O thou star-wanderer!  
Would that I knew the tenuous winding way  
Thou hast ascended through our terrene clay  
The seven stairs of Life—  
The toil, the unimaginable strife!  
Aye, or that other longer, stranger road,  
Whose deep declivities are gods and æons,  
The road of thine original descent  
From Him, the Immanent,  
The One, the inconceivable Abode.

Thine every footstep seems  
To hint of ways whose chart He only hath;  
Infinite must have been thy days, thy dreams,  
Thy converse on the path.

Son of the Presence,  
The boundaries of thine inheritance  
Are one with thy great Sire's divine romance.  
Thine are the potencies of endless life,  
And on thy lips is that unchanging word  
Whose lingering cadence every age has heard.  
In thee are all the pictures of the past,  
The shadowed wraith of everything that is,  
The seeds of all realities to be.  
Unseen they lie, in silent companies,  
Waiting my touch that irresistibly  
Calls them to manifest their forms to me.  
Even reminders of ancestral wrong  
Survive in these fond arms wherein I rest —  
The powers at whose behest  
The ages made me weak, and made thee strong;  
But I forgive and love like all those women  
Whose lives are the background of my palimpsest,  
And over their dead story I grave my song.

Revealed in thee, bards of the unborn days —  
Their foreheads honoured with prophetic bays  
The seeds of whose home trees have yet to climb  
Through the cold soil of time —  
Urge me to give my songs to pave the ways  
Their unshod feet must travel.

## II

Thy body, my Belovèd, is to me  
The alphabet of Life's deep mystery;  
By it my soul can falteringly spell  
The hidden story of humanity,  
And all its perilous future paths foretell.  
O miracle of form!  
O ecstasy of spiritual line,  
Where human sight is lost in the divine!  
Dizzy with adoration I have lain  
In the rapt stillness of the summer night,  
Companioned by the intimate sweet moon,  
Gazing at thee — until the sheer delight  
Of vision grew bewildered, even to pain,  
Losing itself in swoon.

The mould wherein thy wonder-breathing flesh —  
Young and so flower-fresh —  
Was wrought but yesterday of joyous clay,  
Is older than the memory of thy race.  
It has persisted with thee, birth by birth,  
Since that self-confident day  
In the triumphant springtime of the earth,  
When the strong groping spirit of Man first uttered  
That ritual of his immortality.  
Varied by destiny, desire and time,  
Experience and clime,  
The shadows thine enduring form has cast  
Upon the mirror of mortality —  
Their little, gesturing, vivid hour to last —

Have one by one passed irretrievably  
Into the dark enclosing frame of the grave.  
But still the Uncreated waits in thee,  
Urging — through mazes where no mind can trace  
The utter diffusion of Its unity —  
Eager reincarnations of thy race.

### III

Oh, that my questing soul could understand  
This mystery of Life that hides in thee!  
I read no message of Infinity  
In the star-mirroring, stupendous sea,  
So potent to inspire  
Even as one small motion of Love's hand.  
O golden life of spirit, dream and fire,  
Compounded in the cabinet of birth!  
Art thou my Love's, prisoned by his desire  
Within his house of sublimated earth?  
Or, art thou in thyself that ambushed Thing,  
Whose intricacies of doom  
Astound the figures of man's reckoning?

Maybe thou art the Master of the loom,  
Stronger than Time, inscrutable as Fate,—  
The Weaver who by devious delays  
Held the gold threads that are my Lover's days  
Suspended in the air,  
Until it served thy purposes to fill  
The tiny but inevitable square  
Sacred to him, his own predestined part

In the grand pattern of Kabalistic skill —  
The human fabric of thine awful art.

What is that life, Belovèd, that I feel  
Vibrant, self-conscious, in each atom of thee?  
By aid of Love's white magic I would steal  
The veil which hides that habitant from me,  
Baring the jealous beautiful strange face  
Science may not uncover —  
The face of Life itself, therein to trace  
The mystery of my Lover.—  
Could I unveil its wrappings, could I see  
That unit of untiring energy  
Which animates thy fervid, throbbing clay,  
I, though a time-bound mortal, might arouse  
Visions, long-slumbering, of Creation's Day;  
I might behold the eyes of Him whose spouse  
Was the great Paradigm —  
Mother of Form, of Motion, and of Time —  
Whose memory endows  
The forms of earth with their bewildering beauty .

#### IV

The soft rose-lining of thy human veil  
Is the soul-essence of that crimson hue  
The gods know as desire;  
Chastened it was in that creative fire  
Which left thy gleaming surface ivory-pale,  
Unshaded by the dust whereof it grew.  
Thy devious veins whose deep blue courses seem

Mysterious hieroglyphs all over thee,  
Are secret rivers of Infinity,  
Rolling their pulsing ways through meadows of dream  
Down to the mystic sea,  
The restless sea whose tides are life and death.  
Oh, that the river's flood might cover me!  
That I might breathe no longer my own breath  
In this cold isolate austerity  
Of life outside of thee!  
Love, let me feel the divine ravishment  
Of thy deep veins' inviolate content.  
The beating of thy heart is to my ears  
The rhythm of the sacramental mass  
Sung by the vested years,  
As one by one with measured steps they pass  
In rapt procession round the reverent spheres.  
That superhuman music moves my soul  
Even as the wind's wild music moves the sea,  
While under and around and over me  
Thy heartbeats sound their mighty organ roll.

## V

Pulsing and luminous, the fringe of light  
Around thy form is visible to me  
In the dark night.  
In that ellipse I see  
The orbits of the world of pain and pleasure,  
That round thy heliocentric heart, my Love,  
Tread their melodious measure,  
Like to the ether-wandering worlds above.

What draws the glory of thine aureole  
I know not, save it be  
The fierce attraction of the cosmic Soul.  
Its oscillation blinds and dazes me:  
It rises from thee like the shimmering heat  
From metal in the sunlight, when the wheat  
Ripens, and meadow-lands exude  
Their second plenitude.  
Is this the fiery essence of thy being,  
That at the stations of its outward course  
Calls to its flaming source?  
These mysteries of light which beckoned so  
That I bound on my sandals for the quest,  
Challenge me now, and would my steps arrest,  
Raising a warning finger lest I go  
Even to the cave of the Unmanifest  
That brooks no mortal guest.  
Yet strange things do I see recorded here  
In this thy Soul's symbolic atmosphere:  
Outlines of lands, remembered mistily,  
Where I have walked with thee  
In lanes of love, or other paths austere.

In thy far wanderings through realms unknown,  
When in the night alone  
With the wise ancient retrospective sea,  
Have not vague memories come and questioned thee  
Of bygone days with me?  
When thou hast heard the moon-mad nightingale's  
Lyrical wooing of his love, the rose,—  
Whose answering sweetness to his passion flows

In yearning fragrance through her filmy veils,—  
Hast thou not felt the haunting atmosphere  
Of something lost, yet memorably dear?  
Has not a deep, oppressive emptiness  
Cried in thy heartache for a happiness  
Whose lovely name even thou couldst not guess —  
Being the speech of some forgotten sphere?

On Thought's horizon I have caught the gleam  
Of setting stars, through memory's twilight haze,  
And known them for the ghosts of other days,  
When thou and I together, my Belovèd,  
Dreamed the sweet human dream:  
These phantoms walk with thee in all thy ways.  
The perfume of thy passion-shadowed hair  
Is heavy with the mystery and the prayer  
That brooded over Asia in old time.  
Thine eyes have the deep meditative calm  
Of India in her prime,  
Pure with the peace of the eternal Brahm.  
Thine eyebrow's dusky line  
Is hieroglyphic, an ideal sign  
Occult with ancient meanings, but half hid,  
Of Sphinx and pyramid.  
Every reflection on thy mirror cast  
Is teeming with the spectres of the past.  
In what dim dawn of elemental dream  
Did thy first vibrant image agitate  
The tenuous substance of the shadowland?  
The far events these glyphs commemorate,  
My dust-blind spirit may not understand.

## VI

Turn to me, Love, thy sweet, reflective eyes!  
What beauty-curtained thoughts convene behind  
Their windows in the chamber of thy mind? —  
The secret chamber to which God denies  
That even I should any entrance find.  
Hurling the atoms of Himself apart,  
Did our primordial Projector fear  
That in our gravitation back again,  
Proclivity might carry us too near —  
One to another yearning passionately —  
Making his purpose plain  
Before the destined hour of Unity?  
And, fearing so, did He reserve the mind,  
That one inviolate and lonely centre  
Even Love may not enter?  
Yet often, my Belovèd, I have caught  
Ethereic intimations of thy thought,  
When hands and lips and eyes were motionless.  
Guided by these, my hopes have dared to guess  
Some hidden entrance that would yield to me,  
Could I but find the key.

It is a master-workshop, and a temple,  
That Nature-guarded chamber of thy thought.  
There in seclusion potent things are wrought,  
And potent worship offered to the Light  
By day and night.  
There as the solar periods go by,  
The resolute magician dares alone

The demon legions of the magic zone —  
Phantasmal forms that seek to terrify  
Even the valiant ones at whose behest  
The veil is raised that guards the great Unknown.

Thy sovereign will is that arch alchemist  
Whose power no spirit can utterly resist.  
Held in its crucible, Life's baser things  
Are melted into Beauty's virgin gold:  
Motives of men, their rhythms manifold,  
Their fierce desires, their dreams and falterings,  
All are transmuted by that master bold,  
Through Love — the universal alkahest  
Of the magician's quest.

Lone, and besieged forever by the rout  
Of the unhallowed sons of Fear and Doubt,  
The patient worker that abides in thee —  
Shaping new beauties for eternity —  
Shall be the prophet of a purer art,  
Thou Poet of my heart!

## VII

The reverent soul in me  
Would swing Love's sacred censer silently  
Before that altar where the soul in *thee* —  
Pure as a flower to heaven looking up —  
Burns in its golden cup.

Thy spirit is a lamp to light my way  
Through the bewildering mazes of the earth.  
Beyond this perilous dearth  
It beckons, and I go no more astray  
After the ignis fatuus of fame,  
Nor pleasure's wavering flame.  
That love-trimmed, faith-filled lamp burns steadily,  
Even in the winds of pain it flickers not.  
Signal divine of God, it marks for me  
The destined earthly spot  
Where for my wind-blown soul passage may be  
To the far calling ocean of unity.

### VIII

These are the seven jewels the stars intrust  
To the rash keeping of the house of dust:  
Thy form, thy life, thy garment of desire,  
Thy veiled etheric record of the past,  
Thy dual mind — the dream that will not last  
And the immortal vision framed in fire,  
And IT, the golden microcosmic spark  
Of the one Flame whose word awoke the vast  
Of the original dark.

This house of dust that shelters thee, Belovèd,  
This body where thou tarriest a day,  
Is the hall of learning told of by the sages  
Of older, wiser ages,  
That every traveller dwells in on his way.  
Over the sombre walls are gaily spread

The fabrics of illusion, blue and red,  
Violet, gold, and every lovely hue  
The weavers knew.  
The jewel of the Great Ensnarer glows  
Temptingly here wherever the light falls,  
And in the dark malevolently glows.  
Never while lingering within these walls  
Hope to enjoy repose.  
Yet in these chambers of illusive grace  
A little while I would abide with thee,  
Till Beauty — thy co-dweller — shows to me  
The wonder of his face.

## IX

O benedicite unutterable!  
I see thee in the glory of the sun —  
Blindly beautiful.  
Even in mystic visions there is none  
Comparable with thee when that sovereign light  
Reveals thee so to my interior sight.  
The petals of the rose are not so fresh  
As the blossom of thy flesh,  
Nor is the marble of Pentelicus  
To be compared with thee for gleaming splendour,  
Thou culmination of the marvellous!

When first I saw thee in the light of the sun,  
A film undreamed of fell from off my eyes;  
Then I beheld what Beauty meant to Him  
Who made it, as His own primeval bride —

Made it and veiled it even from the wise —  
From all save those whom love had purified.  
But though I had the voice of the seraphim,  
I could not make the blind world realise  
The vision in my eyes.  
Belovèd, where the lights and shadows meet  
Along thy sun-illumined form, I see  
Glory liquescent, quivering mystery.  
O wonder from thy forehead to thy feet —  
Wonder of Beauty, by whose ravishment  
Spirit and mind are blent!

Dazed with infinitude, I lay my face  
In the warm intimate shelter of thy breast:  
But even here the vision finds no rest,  
Here the fond relic of a lost embrace —  
A union riven in some forgotten storm —  
Whispers imagination of a time  
When we were one, even in outer form;  
And this sweet useless remnant yet survives  
To explain the yearning of our separate lives.

## X

I hold thy lovely head between my hands,  
With fingers buried in thy clinging hair.—  
O maze, whose mystery is my despair!  
Symbol whose meaning no man understands!  
Art thou an emanation and a glory  
Of the indwelling spiritual fire,  
A million-threaded lyre

[Musical with the immemorial story  
Of bodiless desire? —  
The whisper of thy locks across my face  
Is like the quick embrace  
Of a passing spirit in the startled air,  
Potent as faith and passionate as prayer.

## XI

O benedictive hands, that hold for me  
Divine response to all my orisons!  
Ye are the same that down the past I see  
Wildly uplifted to the deity  
Of prehistoric suns.  
The lonely dream whose destiny was man,  
Yearning to reach and take  
The blessed *something* of his dumb desire,  
Performed the miracle — and so began  
Beautiful hands, like these of Love's, that make  
Such complicated music on the lyre  
Of my imagination.

Wonderful are these nails, the boundary  
Of thine extension in the outer vast:  
Curled rose leaves, that some danger of the past,  
Some ancient cruelty,  
Petrified in their fragrant loveliness.  
But mindful of the garden of delight  
Where first they bloomed, they spring as readily  
To the clutch of Love's invincible caress,  
As to the sterner fierceness of the fight.

## XII

I gaze into the dark dream of thine eyes,  
Deep and bewildering as etheric space —  
The night-veil of the skies  
Wherein God hides His unendurable beauty,  
Only revealing in the points of light  
Glimpses of His inviolable grace  
Subdued for human sight.  
O visual spheres, to whose formation went  
The very essence and the potency  
Shrined in each element!  
In you the dust of earth is most divine,  
And the uncertain substance of the sea  
Held for a vast design  
So marvellous that man might almost fear it:  
The revelation to the prisoned one —  
The lonely, earth-bound spirit —  
Of that material, cosmic tapestry  
Woven of stars and earth and air and sea.  
For this the patient watchman of the Sun,  
Sleepless through ages in Time's wilderness,  
Has burned his mighty lamp that men might guess,  
Seeing the web, the purpose of the Weaver.

Through the occult dark centres of thine eyes  
God looks at me.  
O gaze that terrifies!  
O loving, brooding Dweller that is God!  
In those impenetrable deeps I see  
The clear, transcendent Question looking out

Into this world of Doubt;  
A separate Something, dwelling there alone,  
Guarding a hidden purpose of its own.

Through what long changes in the forms of things  
Hast thou, indwelling Wonder, found thy way  
Triumphing through the ever-lightening rings,  
From thy first blind desire to the outer day?  
Æons have passed thee, stumbling in the dark!  
Thy passage left a mark  
In the soft substance of eternity  
That only God could see.  
How lonely and bewildered was thy going!  
The whole blind length of solitude thy way  
Led, and the width of pain,  
The height and depth of yearning and dismay.  
Then in a dream thy vision, lightning-taught,  
Leaped through unknown dimensions of the brain,  
And the miracle was wrought.  
All this I read, Belovèd, in the wise  
Deep volume of thine eyes.

### XIII

Last night I whispered in the noiseless dark  
A message from my spirit unto thine;  
Then in a rush of wonder did I hark  
Thine unseen spirit's answer. And the sign  
Of nearness made me dizzy, as with wine  
From the blue bowl of the great Mysteriarch.  
I touched thee not, beheld thee not; the world —

For all that I might see —  
Rounded her shoulder between thee and me.  
And then my whisper and thine answer, clear  
As Venus questions Mars across the still  
Blue solar chamber, with the same heart-thrill  
As mine, and makes him hear;  
And the two planets counsel in the night —  
Maybe about the birth  
Of a spirit on the intervening earth,  
Whose natal hour makes him their neophyte.

O wonder-gift of speech!  
Ethereal medium on whose vibrant wings  
Thy brain's imaginings  
Cross the great circles of the Void, and reach  
My brain, that yearns to thine even as my mouth  
Yearns to thine eager mouth.  
Thy voice to me is that high Emanation  
Out of whose glories came  
The ordered hierarchies of creation —  
Spouse of the unimaginable Name!  
Between thy lips there comes to signal me  
The Word of the great deep,  
Wherein the twain — Memory and Prophecy —  
Their world-long council keep.  
Thy voice, Belovèd, is the signature  
After the great *clef* of the planet Earth —  
The key wherein my being's overture  
Was written by the star that ruled my birth.

#### XIV

Yea, breathe upon me, Love, that I may live  
With an intenser life.

I would that all my being's ways were rife  
With the sweet certitudes *thy* life can give.  
Thy breathing has that rhythm the ocean taught  
The artless children of the Lunar reign,  
Before primeval Feeling married Thought  
And brought forth all their progeny of pain.

How beyond all earth's meaning is the sweet  
Low whisper of that breath which comes to me  
As from the very lips of Eternity —  
Thou visible paraclete  
Out of the timeless vast Invisible!  
Thy breath is a caress the bodiless Past  
Bestows upon me as a mystic charge,  
Through me to kiss the last  
Breath on the bodiless Future's yearning marge.

So solemn the mere thought,  
I half forget thy wistful human sweetness,  
Without whose glamour all these things were naught  
But colourless abstractions, void of worth  
Here on the warm, emotion-throbbing earth.

#### XV

Sometimes the dual rhythm of thy breath,  
Love, and thy beating heart,

Bewilder me with their involvèd motion.  
In some uncomprehended way thou art  
One with the power of God that measureth  
The heart-throb of the ocean,  
And the wild wind's premeditated breath.

## XVI

I feel the benediction of thy dear  
Soft hand upon my face.  
From thy caress long rays of ecstasy  
Stream far beyond my being's narrow sphere,  
Losing themselves in the blue deeps of space.  
How does thy lightest touch unseal in me  
Vials of yearning attar, that flow out —  
Pouring their passionate fragrance over thee!  
Beneath thy hand what strains  
Of ethereal music cry along my veins!

## XVII

Yea, make me one with thee!  
Clasp me and hold me in that unity  
Stronger than thought, keener than pain —  
The only thing intense enough to seem  
Real in this world of shadow and vague dream.  
Something we must attain  
Calls us, surrounds us, penetrates our lives  
With that unrest no mortal comprehends.  
The answering soul ascends  
Eagerly rung by rung the ladder of flame;

Heedless of earth, of heaven, it blindly strives  
Toward its supernal aim.

The angels listen, poised on moveless wings,  
And all invisible things  
Rush through the void, attracted by the light  
That shines around us in the teeming night.  
The sounds of unknown seas are in our ears.  
Time is no more, but lost in one accord  
Are the moments and the years;  
And seraphs waft us with their orisons  
The fragrance of the roses of the Lord.

Grasped tight in the great Hand that hurled the suns  
Clear to their goals in space, we two are hurled  
Out in the ether, out in the abyss,  
Till self is lost and whirled  
Round and around like spirits in a storm —  
Out where mad chaos blazes into form,  
And planets, lightning-shod,  
Rush past us with a cry as on they race . . .  
Blinded, we know how Moses hid his face  
Because he was afraid to look on God.



V

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE

A SONNET SEQUENCE



## *THE GUERDON OF DESIRE*

O THOU unknown companion of my soul!  
I reach my yearning empty arms to thee  
Across the baffling dark. Come thou to me  
Now when I call, Belovèd, though the whole  
Wide universe of suns and seasons roll  
Between thy world and mine. What sign shall be  
Our spirit seal of ultimate unity,  
Is graven deep on Time's unending scroll.

The days are heavy-footed; but I know  
Thou wilt not come to me till I can say —  
Though dizzy with pent passion's overflow:  
“O God of Love, if that should be the way  
Thy servant needs must travel, I will go  
Unloved and lonely even to my death day!”

## *THE MYSTIC HILL*

NAY, friend, I am not sad, but very still,  
Waiting the word of Life that shall unbind  
The fetters of my soul. For I shall find  
Some day a pathway up the mystic hill  
Where Beauty walks with Love, where dawns fulfil  
The dreams of midnight, and the half divined  
Wonder unveils its face, and every wind  
With perfume of pure faith is all athrill.

And one will dwell with me in that high place  
Who gazes toward it from the other side,  
Even as I to-day, guarding the vase  
For the immaculate rose, whose petals hide  
The golden heart of mystery and grace,  
The promise of the Spirit and the Bride.

### *THE BRIDEGROOM*

I wait for you, Belovèd, even as they,  
The virgins of the Gospel, through the night  
Waited with lamps all trimmed and burning bright  
The coming of the bridegroom. For the day  
And hour I know not, nor by what strange way  
Your feet may travel. Will you bear a light  
Shining far off, like fame? And at the sight  
Will my small lamp respond with lengthening ray?

Or will you come in silence through the dark,  
Unknown to all but me? The loftiest soul  
Shuns glory sometimes as the heavenly lark  
Loves not the noise of trumpets. I console  
My waiting heart with song — but always mark  
The measure of oil in my lamp's golden bowl.

## THE MYSTIC MESSENGER

WHY do you come to me by night, by day,  
O ether wandering wraith? I would forget  
The vision of your haunting eyes, and yet —  
I dare not bid you either go or stay,  
For fear of Love offending! In the grey  
Austerity of dawn my lids are wet  
With tears that are not grief's, then pale regret  
Murmurs one warning word, and fades away.

What mystic message has your soul for mine,  
Beyond the reach of language or of thought?  
What jewel from the spirit's guarded mine  
To crown me has your brooding presence brought?  
Beware, fond wraith! The world is bold, malign,  
And joys to bring such lovely dreams to naught!

## OUT OF THE MAZE

OUT of the world's inextricable maze  
You came and stood beside me; and I knew —  
After our long first look — that it was you  
For whom the watch-fires of my soul did blaze  
Their beacon through the darkness. Many days  
And many tears our faith must battle through,  
Before the orb of peace will rise in view,  
Blessing the union of our separate ways.

But in the joy of knowing that you are,  
My soul is strong to dare the long ascent  
To the great light, serene and confident  
That we shall reach Love's temple, though afar:  
That we shall take Love's mystic sacrament,  
And shriven stand before Life's judgment bar.

### *RECOGNITION*

WHEN we came face to face that star-set night  
Of miracle, my wondering spirit knew  
The purpose of its unity with you,  
Sealed by some strange, vaguely remembered rite  
In unrecorded ages. A white light  
Hid in your shadow. The caressing dew  
That lies upon the rose the still night through,  
Is less refreshing than that first quick sight  
To my awakened vision. I could see  
God's beauty shining through you, as a veil.  
Your voice was fraught with messages for me  
From the vast virgin Silence; and the frail  
Glass of my life trembled with ecstasy,  
As though it touched the rim of the Holy Grail.

## *THE SPELL*

THE spell that draws my startled soul to thine  
Seems to be sounded from a secret place  
A million leagues above the world in space,  
Seems to be answered with the countersign  
A million leagues below. What vast design,  
Beyond our need to understand or trace,  
Brought us from dual darkness face to face  
In the great light, fusing thy dreams with mine?

And oh, what tragic purpose of the stars  
Denied to us the guerdon and the faith,  
Giving the yearning only and the prayer,—  
The word we whisper through the iron bars  
Of absence to Love's melancholy wraith,  
Kissing the avid mouth that is not there!

## *ALTER EGO*

IN some strange way I do not understand,  
You seem to be another self of mine  
Newly discovered. At the hidden shrine  
Where none save me has ever made demand  
I found you worshipping, and hand to hand  
You met my challenge with the countersign.  
What magic weaver did our ways entwine,  
In what long dead and unremembered land?

And when I sang to you my secret song,  
The yearning heart-cry only known to me,  
At the first note you joined the melody,  
Bass to my treble, confident and strong,  
And firmly touched the one elusive key  
In that grand chord that I had sought so long.

### *THE HOROSCOPE*

O RADIANT angel of my ruling star!  
Read me the story of the horoscope  
That sent this lover, for I darkly grope  
Before the secrets of thy calendar.  
Thou knowest all things: Tell me, is it far,  
The day that wears my diadem of hope,  
When I shall know Love's plenitude and scope,  
And all his hidden wonders as they are?

How blinded are we mortals by our birth! —  
How poor! — how powerless in our joy or sorrow  
The capital of Destiny to borrow,  
Whatever wealth our future may be worth!  
Though I should give the glory of the earth,  
I could not buy one whisper of to-morrow!

## *THE DREAM*

I DREAMED last night you were a little child,  
A man-child that I nourished at my breast;  
Dreamed that your mouth — which never yet pos-  
sessed

Even my mouth — drank of me in that wild  
And intimate nature-need. Divinely mild,  
They say of motherhood? Ah, no; but blest  
Beyond all peace that exquisite unrest,  
Drawing my life to yours, dream-child, man-child!

I have been still with wonder all day long.  
The nameless thrill that only women feel  
Yearns in my bosom yet, so passion-strong  
Were your dream-lips, so poignant the appeal.  
And all my world is signed with your sweet seal,  
And all my veins are tremulous with song.

## *THE AVOWAL*

I THINK God, when the river of live stars  
Flowed glittering from His fingers, must have known  
A joy like mine when, in your deep man-tone,  
You breathed the words, "I love you!" Flaming Mars  
Watched in the West, and Saturn's golden bars  
Guarded us from the world. We two alone  
In that full-peopled solitude, had flown  
Beyond the reckoning of man's calendars,

And stood at time's beginning. You and I!  
Why, there was nothing else between the sea  
And God's far footstool in the Pleiades!  
"I love you!" With that strong, ecstatic cry,  
You opened Faith's wide temple doors for me,  
And brought my startled spirit to its knees.

### *CONSUMMATION*

Look in mine eyes, Belovèd! Is it true  
That you and I have found each other now?  
And when I smooth the dear hair from your brow,  
Do I touch you, and not the shadow of you  
That I have known in dreams the slow years through?  
My soul made long ago its maiden vow  
Before no other than its mate to bow  
In spiritual submission; for it knew —  
Belovèd brother of the Inner Shrine! —  
That in the long procession of the years,  
Slow, weighted down with destiny's arrears,  
One laurel-crowned would bring me what was mine.  
Now I will melt the pearl that was my tears,  
And pledge you in Love's sweet and bitter wine.

## *LOVE'S FEARLESSNESS*

Love comes to me with nothing in his hand,  
And in his eyes promise of many tears.  
Between our yearning lives the gulf of years  
Yawns emptily — and never to be spanned!  
Our feet are deep in the uncertain sand  
Of the world's ways, its noise is in our ears;  
The future, lying in wait, is big with fears  
And prophecies we cannot understand.

Yet bravely have we pledged Love, eye to eye,  
Challenging Fate to do her worst with us.  
And though the murky clouds are ominous,  
Broad wing to wing, our spirits dare the sky,  
Seeking in faith to find that marvellous  
Ethereal temple where Love's jewels lie.

## *THE WINDS OF FATE*

WHAT mighty wind from Fate's unfathomed seas  
Has blown our flame-winged spirits to this height  
Outside of space and time? The blinding light  
Which dazzles us — whence comes it? and this breeze —  
Sweet with mysterious fragrance, that so frees  
Our souls from little rules of wrong and right,  
From what rose-bowers of interstellar night,  
Love, does it come so fraught with prophecies?

I guess God's purpose; but I dare not pray,  
Lest He should change it, as my punishment  
For being over-bold. So let us wait  
Here between earth and sky, till He shall say  
Loud in our ears the wonder that He meant  
In leaving us alone with brooding Fate.

### *THE MOON PATH*

LAST night the moon made over the dark sea  
A path of gold so real, that had I laid  
My hand in thine, and had not been afraid,  
We might have walked together, firm and free,  
Out of this hollow world of phantasy,  
And crossed the threshold of God's house, and made  
Our home among the angels. . . . Now, dismayed,  
Love, I can only stand and gaze at thee.

The path is gone, the moon is gone, and I —  
I too shall soon be with remembered things  
That tear the heart with yearning. When the  
moon  
Lays next that golden pathway to the sky,  
I shall have hidden my tears in God's wide wings,  
And thou wilt hear alone the sea's sad croon.

## THE FOG

GREY as the tangled locks of haggard Fate,  
And wet as the midnight pillow of a nun.  
Whose chaste and pallid bridegroom with the sun  
Vanished at evening, the disconsolate,  
Mad fog envelops us. The sea's long hate  
Is in the siren's screech, and one by one  
The wan waves hiss behind us, and we run  
With blinded eyes toward an unseen gate.

God answers man by symbols. When he laid  
This veil of mysteries in our ship's wide way,  
He meant that we should read and understand.  
Why, even God, with his great cavalcade  
Of keen, detective angels, cannot say  
Whether our goal be Love's unbounded land!

## THE GIFT OF PAIN

I PITY happy lovers, who have found  
No rocks across their pathway. They will go  
Down to the dust like little flowers that blow  
In dull domestic gardens, and Life's ground  
Will be no richer for them. We, soul-bound  
By the world's rusty chains, hurled to and fro —  
The playthings of the elements, we know  
What beauty hides in pain's last dark profound.

And if to-morrow this vast pyramid  
Of grief should crumble, and joy's tender green  
Sprout in our desert, could our hearts unlearn  
Their turned-down page of sorrow? God forbid!  
Should we not oft, remembering, stand and lean  
Together toward these flames that sear and burn?

### *THE THEFT*

BETWEEN your burning body and your soul,  
How quick the choice that I would leap to make,  
Were choice demanded of me! I would take  
One last look in your eyes, and seek the goal  
Where fleshless spectres gather round Life's bowl,  
Invisible, intangible; would slake  
My thirst of passion only with love's ache,  
Rather than yield your spirit. When Fate stole  
The gem from my betrothal ring, she left  
Its pearly radiance with me, and I live  
Now only for the light that it can give —  
I who of all sad souls am most bereft.  
Be sure God's justice, deep, compensative,  
Will pay our spirits for this body's theft.

## *THE QUESTIONER*

I QUESTION the cold stars that answer not;  
I ask of the deep sea that hugged so long  
Our secret to her bosom; even my song  
With queries have I challenged, for my thought  
Burns with the passion to unsnarl this knot  
Wherein our lives are tangled. Pallid wrong,  
And right, whose beauty lies in being strong,  
These, too, with riddles has my soul besought.

And still the answer waits. Now will I call  
Loud to your soul, Belovèd, with my soul  
Across the leagues of distance. Only you  
Are high enough to gaze above this wall,  
And learned enough to read this hidden scroll  
Whose symbols spell the true and the untrue.

## *THE ANSWER*

You are God's answer to me in the dark.  
Blind in the human wilderness I sought  
The road of my redemption, and I wrought  
A chain of devious footsteps. But one spark  
Fell from my star's cold lantern for a mark  
Of divination, and I doubted not.  
And one spring day the desert river brought  
A boat, whose music lured me to embark.

Down from the prow you came and took my hand,  
Drawing aside the veil that blinded me —  
The veil of old illusions. Now I see  
Clearly the land I leave, and understand  
Even illusion's purpose. Fearlessly  
I sail with you to the undiscovered land.

### *LOVE MADNESS*

If this be madness, God, I would not draw  
Ever the curtains of weak sanity  
Between me and Life's face. When I am free  
Under the aegis of Love's ancient law,  
Why should I choose the shackles and the straw  
Of common life, or bend the subject knee  
To dull, plebeian wisdom? Let me be  
Mad with the gods awhile, mad with the awe  
And wonder of this magic, which has made  
Of one man's word the measure of all truth,  
Of one man's eyes the vast starred firmament;  
And in the closure of his hand has laid  
The dew-wet roses of immortal youth,  
And the bread and wine of Love's great sacrament.

## *THE VOYAGE*

FEARLESS of life and challenging the Fates,  
With you I venture in this fragile bark  
To cross the waters of the perilous dark  
Beyond desire's attainment. What word waits  
For us in the great calm that separates  
The known from the unknown? What symbols mark  
The star-scroll of the great Mysteriarch  
As he our destined way premeditates?

This voyage, Dear, eludes all prophecy,  
And we will whisper neither vow nor prayer  
As we embark. Love's promised land, maybe,  
Beyond the reach of pity or despair,  
Will be the harbour of our souls that dare  
The waves of this unfathomable sea.

## *THE MOMENT*

THOUGH to the gods our lives may be supreme  
When rounded unto death, and though some dear  
Remembered joy may jewel some lost year  
Until pure gold its very shadows seem;  
Yet this one moment when we grasp our dream —  
The spirit-fusing moment that is here,  
Is the reflecting surface of a sphere  
Complete and isolate in Time's full stream.

I need no future, Love, beyond this mark  
Upon the disc of ages, for I hold  
Eternity within my arms, and hark  
To hear Time's clock strike twelve. The word is told  
That I have listened for so long in the dark,  
And all Love's mystic parchment is unrolled.

### *LOVE'S HOUR OF SILENCE*

IN this the tenderest of all Love's hours,  
When soul to soul unquestioning we lie  
Against the silence, and Life's flood rolls by,  
Red with the petals of his ravished flowers,  
Stirring within my breast I feel strange powers  
Before unknown; and burning in thine eye  
I read new purposes, that amplify  
Into all time these little lives of ours.

This is the test that lesser lovers fear —  
This unveiled hour when the free heart lies bare  
Before its brother. And our spirits dare  
To breathe together this high atmosphere!  
Give me again thine eyes, that we may share  
The intimate stillness — nearer and more near.

## *PLENITUDE*

So long have I desired thee, and so deep  
My heart's hid spring, whose waters sung thy name  
Over and over till the restless flame  
Of Life stood still to listen, that I weep  
Now when I have thee in my arms, to keep  
Forever. My Belovèd, I became  
So perfected in thee, I have no aim  
Beyond thee, and no harvests more to reap!

So still is all the world, I feel afraid!  
Is this that mystic silence, by whose power  
The waiting spirits of the void are made  
In mortal mould? I feel my bridal bower  
Transcendently enlarged, myself — dismayed —  
A dazed intruder on God's working hour.

## *THE INSCRIPTION*

SEALED with the seal of Life, thy soul and mine  
Are one this day, and we have graven our date  
Of recognition on Time's ponderous gate,  
Staining the letters deep with love-spilled wine.  
Neither the fire of death nor the strong brine  
Of the world's waters can obliterate  
That record, and the steady hand of Fate  
Under the words has drawn a strange design.

They are an incantation, justified  
Upon our lips by the incarnate Breath.  
The measure of their potency is wide  
As the world's orbit; for God promiseth  
Unto all love-inscriptions that abide,  
Power and dominion over life and death.

### *CONSECRATED*

SINCE yesterday's communion when I saw  
Love's consecrating presence in your eyes,  
The world's familiar ways seem otherwise  
Than I have ever known them. Hushed with awe,  
I contemplate some common little law  
Of evolving life; I tremble with surprise  
At new, undreamed-of beauties that arise  
To fill the place of many an ancient flaw.

And every one I meet along the way  
Turns round to gaze with eager questioning  
Into my face. Belovèd, do I bring  
Some wordless message for the world to-day,  
From that love-hallowed garden where we lay  
One golden hour beside God's living spring?

## DUALITY

ART thou that Love who came with touch of fire  
But yesterday, in whose impelling eyes  
Smouldered the avid flame that terrifies  
The angels by its vision of desire  
Unutterable? To-day the seraph choir  
Holds not a face that worship glorifies  
Like to thy face. Its beauty prophesies  
Fulfilment to all spirits that aspire.

Thou art the dual mystery of the soul,  
O human Love! Standing with buried feet  
In the rose-dust of earth, sodden and sweet,  
Thou reachest yearningly to thy far goal  
Beyond the zenith, while thine aureole  
Flames gold and red where dust and spirit meet.

## THE MIRACLE

AMONG the hills and valleys of the soul,  
Working his miracles, Love came to me  
And touched my blinded eyes and bade me see.  
I watch the water redden in the bowl,  
I drink the marriage wine. Upon the scroll  
Of Life I trace the Word of prophecy  
In flaming letters; my mortality  
Burns on this altar as a living coal.

Many of Love's disciples have pursued  
His wandering steps with worldly dreams and wishes;  
Many have climbed, as for a festival,  
The mountain where he feeds the multitude.  
For them the counting of the loaves and fishes,  
For me — the wonder of the miracle!

### *IN LOVE'S EYES*

THINE eyes are magic mirrors, where I see  
My own reflected in some marvellous wise  
Beyond man's knowledge; and long thoughts arise,  
Questioning this familiar mystery.  
I feel the dual souls of thee and me  
Mirror each other, even as our eyes,  
Whose mutual, clear reflection verifies  
On earth our vision of Love's unity.

In our souls, too, I feel the kindred souls  
Of all mankind reflected, by the light  
Of my strong racial faith. Oh, that their sight  
Could quicken to that dream! For Love unrolls  
Wide vistas for us when our eyes unite —  
Seeking his unimaginable goals.

## THE THRUSH

O WAKEN, Love, and listen to the thrush,  
That sings us back into the world again  
After our night in heaven! How his chain  
Of golden notes is clasped by that brief hush —  
That pearl of thrilling silence, till the rush  
Of his own feeling spills his notes like rain  
Upon the breast of Dawn! This bird has lain,  
Like us, against Night's cheek, and feels it flush  
Now with the sun's warm nearness.— Love of mine,  
We too have found that pearl of silent peace  
Between two chains of joy, each like a trill  
Of this inspired bird. . . . Listen! 'Tis a sign  
From the angels left in Dreamland, to increase  
Our faith that they can find us when they will.

## A VISION

SEEN through the dusky foliage of my hair,  
Your face is shimmering with that mystic light  
Which bathes the spellbound earth on some rare night  
In summer after sunset. Spirits there  
Hide and reveal themselves, shyly aware  
Of their own beauty. Wonder and delight,  
Like starbeams, flit before me, and excite  
My vision till its ecstasy is prayer.

Are other mortals given in Love's arms  
Ethereal revelations like to mine?  
Surely the gods withhold not the great boon  
Ungenerously, nor blind with wizard charms  
The eyes of those on whose indifference shine  
The passionate stars and rapture-dazzled moon.

### *THE MYSTIC ROSE*

I, WOMAN, am that wonder-breathing rose  
That blossoms in the garden of the King.  
In all the world there is no lovelier thing,  
And the learned stars no secret can disclose  
Deeper than mine — that almost no one knows.  
The perfume of my petals in the spring  
Is inspiration to all bards that sing  
Of love, the spirit's lyric unrepouse.

Under my veil is hid the mystery  
Of unaccomplished æons, and my breath  
The Master-Lover's life replenisheth.  
The mortal garment that is worn by me  
The loom of Time renews continually;  
And when I die — the universe knows death.

## INDIRECTION

You marvel at the beauty that I see  
In every line and loving curve of you,  
As if a triumphing archangel blew  
On the dull coals of earth's reality,  
Until they blaze so high with ecstasy  
That God looks down and wonders. But I drew  
Love's veil for other reasons, and I knew  
The human joys through heart's intensity.

They who pursue Love's pleasures only find  
An empty goblet at the journey's goal;  
But Love's grail-pilgrim, with his different aim,  
Opens the very door they grope behind.  
Because I sought the temple of Love's soul,  
I have become the very altar flame.

## AURORA BOREALIS

EVEN as the glory of the northern lights  
On some still winter midnight strikes the soul  
Spellbound with visions, and the boreal pole  
Seems like a flaming ladder that unites  
Heaven and earth; so, Love, thy beauty smites  
My spirit dumb with wonder, and the whole  
Sky of my life burns with the aureole  
Of your bright being blazing on the heights.

Stranger is Love, more fraught with mystery  
Than yon weird pageant in the northern sky.  
'Twas the lone midnight of my destiny  
When through the void you came to glorify  
With light the cold, dark firmament of me . . .  
Yea, and I know not whence you came, nor why!

### *THE BODY*

O TALL white lily with thy dark roots held  
And hidden by the ministering mire!  
Thy petals are the luminous attire  
Of the indwelling Spirit, that compelled  
Its flame to mix with earth, and paralleled  
The light with darkness. Blossom of cold fire,  
Beautiful form, yearning with blind desire,  
Now to the dust, now to the stars impelled!

Oh, why will man debase thee in his thought!  
Thou art so fair, so pure, so undefiled,—  
A wandering angel from the skies exiled  
For thy seditious sweetness. . . . What power wrought  
Of dust this lily flower — unreconciled  
As yet with man, who understands it not?

## *ASLEEP*

BEYOND the boundaries of dream he lies,  
Wrapt in the veil of immemorial Sleep.  
The far-off murmur of the rhythmic deep  
Of Being is his breath; it magnifies  
My soul that studies with illumined eyes  
This ageless mystery that mortals keep.  
Spellbound I watch, too quiet now to weep;  
My ears have caught the silence of the wise.

O Sleep, pale prophet of immortal rest —  
Sleep that relieves the angel of the clod!  
Rocked on the waves of dream that manifest  
The Spirit to the seed within the sod,  
The slumberer sees the shadow of his quest,  
And wakens, wondering at the ways of God.

## *THE INDWELLING MYSTERY*

SOMETIMES when you have held me to your breast,  
A mystic interfusion there has been  
Through all our woven beings. I have seen  
Our separate atoms on some secret quest  
Quiver into each other, and then rest  
In ecstasy of union; while between  
Our minds was only Life's transparent screen —  
The real magician's long-sought alkahest.

Little we know — we dull, dust-blinded ones —  
The mysteries of the spirit and the clay!  
Along your kiss — your lightest touch — there runs  
The mute electric word the stars obey;  
And the same power that moves those whirling suns,  
Vibrates in every love word that you say.

### *AT THE SUMMIT*

OH, it were worth the toiling all the way  
Up the steep mountain on whose rocks man dies,  
Only to look in another being's eyes  
Once, as I gaze in yours day after day!  
Below us in the valley all is grey;  
Above the deep love-river the fog lies,  
And through it groping spirits in disguise  
Peer at each other with a veiled dismay.

'Twas there we met, bewildered, face to face;  
There we joined hands, beginning the long ascent  
Of that divine acclivity, whose base  
Is mortised in Creation's fundament,  
And whose unmeasured summit marks the place  
Of Love's last unimaginable event.

## *THE GUEST*

An hour ago the world was dull and grey,  
And my lone heart, a prisoner in my breast,  
Beat at the iron doors of Fate, oppress'd  
By its own heaviness. Now the glad day  
Laughs at the window, and the minutes play  
Lightly with one another; for a guest —  
Great Love himself — has entered in and blest  
My heart's house in his own amazing way.

His lovely hand laid softly on my hair  
Is like the Muse's touch; and looking up,  
I read within his eyes the long-sought word  
That rounds my life's great lyric. . . . Shall I  
dare? . . .  
Yea, in my new-found strength, I lift Love's cup,  
That sacred cup by God administered.

## *THE WATCHER*

WHEN I awake from Love's contented sleep,  
And see thee, sleepless, bending over me  
In mystical and brooding ecstasy,  
Then do I know thy love to be more deep  
Than all thy words have said. Then could I weep  
With very awe and wonderment in thee.  
Through the night hours, in hushed solemnity,  
Thy soul and Love a secret vigil keep.

Fearful is Love lest any step surprise  
The temple of his worship. He would hide  
The altar his white flowers have glorified  
From every gaze but God's. O Love, thine eyes!  
Their self-abandonment has made me wise  
In hidden knowledge where men's souls abide.

### *IN THE DAWN-CHAMBER*

DEAR, you have spoiled all other men for me,  
And made them alien to my happiness.  
You have discovered an unknown recess  
In Love's great house of storied masonry.  
There from the window's wide expectancy  
We watch the Dawn's rose-dimpled hands caress  
The shadowed hills — Dawn the high priestess,  
That calls the rolling world continually.

The other rooms in Love's house are confined  
To views of the valley, and the walls adorning  
Are mottoes of uncertainty and warning —  
The thousand reservations of the mind.  
'Tis only in this chamber that I find  
The outlook on the hills and on the morning.

## WHY

You ask me why my heart so fondly clings  
Around your heart of love. . . . Is it because  
High deeds of yours have won the world's applause?  
Is it that your inspired imaginings  
Have stirred to wilder flight my lyric wings?  
Or is it that your yearning passion draws  
Blindly my own, by Love's mysterious laws?  
Nay, Dear, not any of these perfect things.

Why do I love you, then? Because of this:  
My soul discovered, when our days were new,  
That a high guest in your soul's chamber lies;  
And sometimes, in the rapture of your kiss,  
That angel sleeper — the immortal You —  
A moment wakes and looks me in the eyes.

## THE GENTLE ONE

No one would ever know from your calm face  
How more than human-sweet you are! There lies,  
Maybe, a dreamy something in your eyes —  
A promise, like the perfume round a place  
Where roses bloom; and though all eyes may trace  
Your mouth's love-moulded lines, none would surmise  
The mother-tenderness that sanctifies  
The man's need in your soul-diffused embrace.

O hands, whose touch holds all the gentleness  
Of brooding dove-wings in the mellow night!  
O mouth of blood-warm rose leaves, whose caress  
Quivers through me in waves of vibrant light!  
Ye are as potent as the yearning Spring,  
That stirs the earth to lyric blossoming.

### *CARESSES*

THE sweet caresses that I give to you  
Are but the perfume of the Rose of Love,  
The colour and the witchery thereof,  
And not the Rose itself. Each is a clue  
Merely, whereby to seek the hidden, true,  
Substantial blossom. Like the Jordan dove,  
A kiss is but a symbol from above —  
An emblem the Reality shines through.

The Rose of Love is ever unrevealed  
In all its beauty, for the sight of it  
Were perilous to the purpose of the world.  
The hand of Life has cautiously concealed  
The pollen-chambers of the infinite  
Flower, and its petals only half uncurled.

## *FULFILMENT*

I AM so empty and so incomplete,  
Save when your lips on my lips realise  
For me my own fulfilment. Life denies  
Its own abundance save when two lives meet.  
Within your arms is all I know of sweet,  
And all I need of heaven. When I rise  
From your embrace, I feel a vague surprise —  
A sundering from my forehead to my feet.

You are the key of every kind event,  
You open all the doors of joy to me.  
Your being and my being, interblent  
As the sea and the saltness of the sea,  
Are one inevitable element  
In the great crucible of Destiny.

## *THE STORM-LORD*

O SOVEREIGN of the storm! Thy breath to me —  
Vivid with lightning, vibrant with the sound  
Of that original Word that hurled the round  
Of stars and suns — is intimate and free  
As my own soul. I care not though for thee  
My unripe fruit is fallen on the ground,  
And all my tender little leaves are drowned.  
Life must renew itself in death's dark sea.

Lover supreme! Imperious lord of storm!  
To be with thee my soul all fear denies.  
And as the ardent earth's desires turn warm  
To meet the lightning triumphing down the skies,  
So to thy passion my responding form  
Thrills with the flame that melts and glorifies.

### *THE CUP*

THE golden Jemshid, so the Persians say,  
Possessed a magic cup with seven rings  
That — filled with wine — reflected myriad things:  
The secrets of the seven worlds that sway  
Between the voids, their morrow, their to-day,  
Their yesterday; and the imaginings  
Of every soul that sorrows, dreams or sings,  
From dim creation's dawn to the last day.

Thy body, my Belovèd, is for me  
That magic cup; my love is the red wine.  
In thee the wonders of the worlds are mine,  
The secrets of the stars and of the sea,  
The avid prayers of every alien shrine.  
All Jemshid's cup revealed, I find in thee.

## *THE SANCTUARY*

Our forms, Belovèd, lie in faith's white bed.  
Lavender-fragrant linen covers them,  
And underneath is a robe whose broidered hem  
Was sewn by the great Spinner's measured thread.  
A red rose guards their feet, and at their head  
A tall white lily leans upon a stem  
Whose roots are in that deathless anadem  
Which bound Love's brows when he and Life were wed.

The wavering flame of one lone candle gives  
Their image to the shadows; and they seem  
As in a midnight chapel, fugitives  
Before the altar light's ideal stream.  
Love, through this veil of Beauty all that lives  
In every world is softened to a dream.

## *LOVE'S AVATARS*

Love, in what alcove of eternity  
Have thou and I this marvel found before —  
This glamour of desire that quivers o'er  
Our bodies and our souls with certainty  
Of the supreme attainment? Where were we  
Wound in this vine the ages now restore?  
Where did I drain the cup that evermore  
Will fill my veins with ecstasy in thee?

The shadows of thy leaf-brown hair have been  
The veil of many bygone dreams of mine;  
And thy deep eyes, that mine are mirrored in,  
Are filled with memories and wondershine.  
Ay, every door of love to which we win,  
We open by some ancient countersign.

### *CREATION*

HIDDEN in thee abounding wonders lie,  
And wait to be made visible by me;  
For through the medium of our unity  
We touch that reservoir of world-supply  
Where rest the forms, for Love to magnify,  
Of all the houseless souls that are to be,  
Tenuous, waiting in eternity  
To live, to love, to suffer and to die.

The arch-creative mission is Love's own —  
Moulder of substance! kindler of the mind!  
Call of the spirit! And while one alone  
May compass knowledge, in the Self enshrined,  
Only the lover in his joy has known  
Origination after his own kind.

## *LOVE'S INFINITY*

THOUGH I have given all my love to thee,  
Abundance measureless remains behind.  
Freely I give, for thou wilt never find  
A barrier to my soul's infinity  
Of tenderness or passion. Canst thou see  
The outposts of the void, the bournes that bind  
The star-mote's journey and the will of the wind?  
They are no farther than the marge of me!

Boundless I am as the star-dancing deep  
Reflected in this bubble that is I.  
Gaze till thine eyes are weary, and then sleep  
Within the bosom of the mirrored sky.  
Love has no limit that I need to keep,  
Love has no terror that I need to fly.

## *THE SEAL*

THE lips of my pure Love have set their seal  
Upon the hidden chamber of my soul,  
And all my being's house yields him control —  
Even my haughty self. Yet his appeal  
Is to be servitor! I saw him kneel  
Here at my feet, as at some sacred goal;  
As a knight of old before that mystic bowl  
Whose ultimate beauty earth may not reveal.

I lay my soul fearlessly in his hands.

O gift that in the giving glorifies

Me more than the gold crowns of many lands!

Be thou to him the rose of paradise. . . .

Only the rapt ecstatic understands

The lore of Love, or looks Love in the eyes.

### *REALISATION*

THROUGH all the pageant of the restless years,

Peopled by many shadows, I have known

One vision the world's phantoms leave alone,

One dream whose beauty dries the midnight tears

Of loveless desolation. It appears

Ever the same — a soul blent with my own

As two harmonious lute-strings in one tone,

As the earth's man-divided hemispheres.

Belovèd, when you came to me I knew

You mine, yet — so uncertain does life seem —

I did not realise that I held in you

The hemisphere, the lute-string and the dream

To perfect me, until we slowly grew

One world, one tone, one vision of the Supreme.

## *THE PRICE OF LOVE*

HEAVY the price that I have paid for thee,  
Strange Love, in whose unfathomable eyes  
The radiant God has veiled in thin disguise  
The full reflection of His majesty,  
That else were unendurable to me  
By sheer excess of light. But I am wise  
For every bauble that I sacrifice  
On the high altar of thy mystery.

Nothing is had for nothing, and I know  
How trivial is the price that I have paid.  
It is a fabulous bargain I have made  
With the blind traders of the world; and so  
I set Love's jewel on my brow, and go  
Into the blessed stillness, unafraid.

## *LOVE'S MYSTIC JEWEL*

WHAT is the merit of our souls that we  
Should find this treasure all mankind have sought,  
And died in seeking? Other souls have brought  
As pure a purpose — failing utterly.  
Was it our faith which won for thee and me  
The substance that we hoped for? Sages taught  
Aeons ago that everything was naught  
Beside this jewel of strange potency.

Hope trembles at his shadow on the ground;  
The weary world labours for glittering spoils  
That turn to ashes, and all lovers sigh.  
But thou and I, Belovèd, we have found  
In Time's wild ocean after many toils,  
That perfect pearl for which the world would die.

### CONFESSIO

YEA, Dear, lay bare thy lovely soul, nor fear  
That any wraith of shame can enter in  
This guarded house of faith, nor any sin  
Darken for me Love's mirror, crystal-clear  
For all thy revelations. Thou art peer  
Now of Love's lofty ones, whose heights begin  
Always in humbleness, and thou shalt win  
A pearl of rapture for thine every tear.

My love is reverent as the virgin prayer  
Whose power the gate of paradise unbars;  
My love is tender as the ecstasy  
Of the young mother as she grows aware;  
And full of understanding as the stars  
That shone in wonder over Galilee.

## *THE PAST*

HAD I the power to wipe away the past,  
That past replete with love and joy and pain  
In which thou hadst no portion; could again  
My Book of Life be opened, and my vast  
Experience be shattered by a blast  
Of God's great trumpet,— I would still ordain  
Those ways that are accomplished, and remain  
Myself, for good or evil, to the last.

For every throb of love has been to me  
A promise of thy coming; every thrill  
Of joy a prophecy thou shalt fulfil,  
And every pang of pain an ecstasy  
Of growing knowledge. But, O Love, there still  
Are infinite deeps to be revealed by thee!

## *THE COVENANTERS*

I WONDER, Love, how you and I did live  
Before we found, each in the other's eyes,  
This covenant of faith that justifies  
Our souls' desires! Homeless and fugitive  
Before those earthly ministers who give  
Only to common minds the master's prize,  
We have eluded their world-honoured lies,  
That have no place in our true narrative.

How did I live ere you revealed for me  
The testament of truth, the tenuous veil  
Of unseen beauty, and the verity  
Of light's clear word? Tender and human-frail  
You are with love, but in your eyes I see  
Strange visions of a new and holier grail.

### *LOVE-SLEEP*

YEA, let me sleep among the murmuring leaves  
Of the great Tree of Love. Why should I wake?  
Even in dreams our wedded spirits make  
One light against the darkness. Languor weaves  
A veil to cover us, and Night receives  
Our beings as a charge for Nature's sake.  
Give me thy lips, Belovèd, and then shake  
Upon my lids the dews of all Love's eves.

The Tree of Love is waving to and fro  
Upon the winds of midnight, and the sigh  
Of dreaming leaves is like a lullaby  
Over the brooding earth. Far, far below  
A planet whispers, and our low reply  
Is lost in the dream-river's overflow.

## *THE MENACE*

WHEN I remember, Love, that but for thee  
My homeless spirit still would wander lone,  
Alien in this inhospitable zone  
Upon the globe of Time; when rapturously  
I touch the gleaming jewel of unity —  
Whose dual rays are thy soul and my own —  
Then do I tremble lest the masked unknown  
Brigand of Death snatch thee away from me.

All other perils we can brave together,  
Challenging them to part us. But beyond  
The shifting boundaries of the realm of breath  
Are many dangers and uncertain weather.  
Nothing can rend our Nature-woven bond  
Save the inexorable caprice of Death.

## *THE HAND*

IN some great school of magic long ago,  
I do believe a mighty master taught  
Your hand its potent spell, and you have brought  
The wonder back to earth. A touch — and lo!  
Through all my being dreams and visions flow.  
Upon what immemorial loom was wrought  
The fabric of this feeling, strong as thought,  
And tenuous as the web of the rainbow?

Your touch is like the benedicite  
Of all divine and never-ending things.  
Yea, and I feel in every vein of me  
The lyric sweetness of a thousand springs,  
The stirrings of innumerable wings,  
And the wild surge and melody of the sea.

### *SISTERS*

WITHIN your eyes the women you have known  
Beckon to me with long white wavering hands  
Across the gulfs of time. My spirit stands  
Before the mirror of you — not alone,  
But blent with strange reflections. There are blown  
Here shadows on the winds of many lands,  
Fair shapes whose garments brush the shifting sands  
Of desert love, where all dead seeds are sown.

Others there are less tenuous, whose lips  
Have not forgotten the old ways of speech.  
“Sister,” they call me, and the tones beseech;  
They beat upon my heart like little whips.  
Trembling with timid wistfulness, I reach  
Into the void for these weird fellowships.

## *I LOVE YOU*

WHY do I say, "I love you"? I have said  
Those words to lesser lovers long ago,  
Deluded lovers in the plains below  
This pure inviolate height where we were led  
For purposes prophetic. I have read  
Those words on youth's blank pages, seen them glow  
Like lanterns in life's darkness; yet I know  
Now they were only forms untenanted.

Love, I compare the ardours of the past  
With our high passion, as a bard compares  
The music of his first songs with his last;  
The little songs, that were but stammered prayers,  
With those momentous chants whose power the vast  
Organ of Art in thunderous tone declares.

## *THE CANDLE*

Your face, Belovèd, is a pure white flame  
Upon the world's high altar. In your eyes  
The ascending spirit of the sacrifice  
Yearns, in its self-consuming, toward the Name  
Blazoned upon the temple. You reclaim  
The hopes of long-lost worshippers; they rise  
Emboldened for the sacred enterprise  
Whose guerdon is beyond the end of fame.

You are the blessed candle set above  
The Book and the sacrament — the light of truth,  
Which calls the flaming spirits to aspire,  
Shedding its radiance on the blood of love.  
O yearning soul of consecrated youth,  
My faith would light its taper at your fire!

### *EXORCISM*

LONELY I am to-day and full of doubt,  
Questioning Fate, and dallying with Fear,  
That vaguely whispers warning in my ear  
Of unknown perils, past my finding out;  
Until I wonder what 'tis all about —  
My pilgrimage on this erratic sphere,  
The solitary quest from year to year,  
My soul within and all the world without.

And then I hear your footstep on the stair,  
And feel the clinging question of your kiss.  
O wizard Love! My spectres in despair,  
Seeing your face, have fled to the abyss.  
How strange it seems that I should ever care  
For any cause or purpose beyond this!

## TEARS

'Tis not because of any lack in thee,  
Belovèd, that I weep, nor any pain  
The wisest lover ever could explain  
In terms of human sorrow. But I see  
In Love's immortal garden a dark tree  
Whose name I know not, and the winds complain  
Forever through its leaves in lone refrain;  
Even the birds avoid it silently.

But I believe if ever I should dare  
To lie beneath that tree a whole night long,  
That in the morning I should know the song  
God sang when Eve was tempted, and the prayer  
That made the Galilean pity-strong  
In the night-watches when no man was there.

## THE IDEAL

I AM as those of whom the Hindoos say,  
"A god has kissed them"; for Love came to me —  
Ideal Love, that passionate verity  
That touches mortals in some swiftening way  
And startles them to faith. Aye, day by day  
The wonder lives with me, and fearlessly  
I gaze into its eyes — O ecstasy  
For which the waiting ages thirst and pray!

Guerdon of all the soul's accomplishment!

Thou art a sign for me in the dark place.

Thou art the wide inviolable tent

That hides me from the storm. Thy close embrace  
Is what the rapturous earth has always meant  
By the vague, haunting beauty of her face.

### *THE DUAL VISION*

SOMETIMES when you are one with me as brain

Is one with thought while prisoned in this dust;

When, blended utterly, our souls adjust  
Their dual vision — as the eyes though twain  
Are one in seeing; I can scarce restrain

My tears of pity for the souls that must

Go seeking Love in mazes of distrust,  
With dreams too unsubstantial to attain.

We who have seized the great Reality,

We who have ravished the affrighted bride  
Of human Love — frail Faith — and made her see  
The bridegroom's naked beauty, have thrown wide  
A door into the Future, where the free  
Spirits of Time invisibly abide.

## GENESIS

Love, you and I were the original Cell,  
Locked in the silence of eternity,  
And in the winding arms that were to be  
When we should be dissevered. Then the bell  
Of Time sounded within us, the rapt spell  
Of æons lifted, and the ecstasy  
Of sempiternal being, wild and free,  
Whirling and swirling, broke our tenuous shell.

And we were flung even to the outer rim  
Of the expectant Dark, whose calendars  
Called for our coming; and we blazed on him —  
The latest of a thousand Avatars.  
Your scattered seed became the suns and stars,  
And I became the space wherein they swim.

## THE TRIANGLE

Come thou, my Lover of the storied past,  
And thou, my Lover of the strong to-day.  
In each belovèd hand, oh, let me lay  
The other's hand in brotherhood at last!  
In that high region where I hold you fast —  
Though leagues divide us — is a luminous way,  
Where walk those all-wise beings who survey  
Calmly the deeps where all Love's lies are cast.

Oh, love ye one another! For we near —  
A little every day — that master-height  
Where none may venture save with unveiled sight;  
But where our souls must face the thing we fear,  
In one another's eyes without a tear  
Beholding Truth, and daring the great light.

### *LOVE-WRAITH*

SOMETIMES, when I am musing all alone,  
Into my being flows the sense of thee  
In overwhelming fulness, and I see  
Thy secret soul's unguarded portals thrown  
Open for my soul's entrance to its own.  
In such a moment thou art nearer me  
Than in my presence — unreservedly  
I lift the veil that covers the unknown.

And so I wonder if our parted hours  
Have not a purpose neither one perceives;  
If kisses and love words are not the leaves  
Of Love's tree, and these visions the rare flowers —  
Fragrant and pure as the spiritual powers  
Our dual-self in solitude achieves.

## *THE SILENCE OF LOVE*

SWEET are the words of Love, but sweeter far  
Is Love's initiate silence. When we lie  
Between Life's lips, Belovèd, thou and I,  
Our rapture-blended beings are a bar  
Even to lyric speech. A word might mar  
The visions in our spiritual sky,  
Where every little bird that flutters by  
Is some world-message flying to a star.

In Love's great silence are the timid things  
That fear the trumpet of the lord of sound.  
They brush against our souls with noiseless wings,  
They tremble toward us from the teeming ground.  
Some day, in the high stillness that Love brings,  
Life's unimagined secret shall be found.

## *SUMMER-ABSENCE*

I WONDER if the trees that beckon thee  
To their deep shadows in thy lone retreat  
Are tender as my arms; and if the sweet,  
Soft, yielding grass clings to thee lovingly  
As I in drowsy hours. The ecstasy  
That quivers in the ever-moving wheat  
Whispers of love to thee, and the strong beat  
Of Nature's heart woos thee continually.

Love, we are one, the moving wheat and I,  
And the great heart of Nature. When the trees  
Beckon to thee, I beckon; when the blades  
Of grass caress thy fingers as they lie  
Entangled with them, I am even in these;  
And I am hiding in the twilight shades.

### *THE CLOCK*

BEFORE the hour when thou wilt come to me,  
Oh, with what laggard and deliberate pace  
The minute-hand moves up the clock's white face!  
Even desire is powerless to foresee  
Its goal, meridian-pointing. Destiny  
May but have wound her clock within an ace  
Of the last notch, and by that little space  
Silence may enter here — instead of thee.

The tick-tick is thy footsteps on the way,  
Heard by my listening heart; and the hour-chime  
Will be our old Earth-Mother's evening song,  
Seeing her children happy. . . . Do not stay  
Thy numbered steps, O Love-retarding Time!  
Joy is so brief, and eternity so long!

## THE SEA OF LOVE

Your love is like the ever-moving sea,  
That changes not and yet is always new.  
I bathe my spirit on the shores of you,  
And in your deeps divine that mystery  
Hid from the world's beginning. Wild and free,  
The tempests of your heart are those that blew  
Secrets to old Atlantis, and I view  
On your horizon lights of destiny.

I would attune my being to the rhyme  
Of your recurrent tides. I would embrace  
With your soul's waves the shores of every clime,  
And with your surface calm reflect the face  
Of that illimitable Lord of Time —  
The vast star-shining horologue of space.

## NATURE-LONGING

To be alone with Nature, you and I  
Together in some undiscovered place,  
Where we may look kind Silence in the face,  
And learn of the wise winds that wander by,  
The secret of their healing! Oh, to lie  
For hours on Time's broad bosom, with blue space  
Laid on us like a garment! To embrace  
The motherly trees, that never will deny  
Comfort to their strayed children! Let us find

The road that beckons where the days are green,  
The nights a hue our eyes have never seen,  
And leaving the world-dissonance behind,  
Seek the earth-harmony. Then our dust-blind  
Spirits shall learn what their own longings mean.

### *LOVE'S LYCEUM*

SOMETIMES for recreation Love and I  
Challenge each other to a game of thought —  
A battle of words and meanings, subtly fought  
For mutual revelation. And we vie  
For vantage points, striving to fortify  
Those visioned heights our separate roads have sought.  
From Logic's flint our steels have struck and caught  
Red, splendid sparks, too luminous to die.

But ere our minds' lamps burn a steady flame,  
The flickering light cast on each lover's face  
Shows to the other some ecstatic grace,  
Too madly sweet for reason. Then the game  
Ceases, forgotten, with its brilliant aim —  
For we are melted in the flame's embrace.

## *EPHEMERA*

WHAT are the toils and troubles of my days,  
But restless gnats that buzz around the ears  
Of my soul's musing Sphinx? She only hears  
Time's immemorial music, nor obeys  
The calls that echo from the tinsel maze  
Of transitory care. Pallid with fears,  
The mad world plunges down the weary years,  
Through arid and unsatisfying ways.

Oh! what to me are these ephemeral things?  
They are forgotten when at night I rest,  
Love, in that warm eternity — your breast.  
Close, close to us the loving Silence clings,  
Brooding with wide, immeasurable wings,  
Our dream that is the treasure in her nest.

## *THE OAK*

You bend above me as a loving tree  
Bends to the tender ivy that is wound  
About its mighty body; you surround  
My being as the tree's immensity  
Surrounds the ivy. Gazing up, I see,  
On your aspiring head, dominion crowned  
With arch-druidic sign, and in the ground  
Your potent roots guard mine perpetually.

Softly, O softly, do my tendrils cling  
About you in the breezes! I delight  
Even to sway aside and measure your height.  
But when the storm, with awful muttering,  
Threatens the stillness — then I grasp you tight,  
Like any other frail and frightened thing.

### *UNDER THE SKY*

HERE with Love's languorous and abundant ease  
Familiar, this entrancing night we lie  
In rapt abandon to the naked sky —  
Nothing between us and the Pleiades!  
Alcyone's great secret might appease  
The yearning of our souls, might verify  
Their dreams of unity. Do not deny  
Its message to our ears, O minstrel breeze!

Love, yield thy spirit to the influence  
Of those unbounded spaces overhead.  
It was for this we made our bridal bed  
In Freedom's roofless mansion. Rising hence,  
Our passion sighs, like burning frankincense,  
Perfume all stars by lovers tenanted.

## *THE VIRGIN SHRINE*

You pray me, Dear, to find some virgin shrine,  
Some sacred place that none has ever known  
In my heart's house, where you and I alone  
May worship one another. Bread and wine  
Wait on an altar where no soul save mine  
Has bowed before the Host, with lilies grown  
In God's abundant garden. I have sown  
Before the door the seeds of the secret vine.

There time is not. To-day and yesterday  
Blend with to-morrow and eternity,  
Even as our souls will blend if there we pray.  
Dare you to enter now and stand with me  
In the white stillness? I will show the way,  
And in your hand place the prophetic key.

## *THE CHILD*

THE tyrant world denies me, little one,  
The joy of building you a mortal frame;  
Yet my great Love and I have called the flame  
Of your free spirit from the ardent sun  
Of God's creative dream. You were begun  
At our souls' mystic marriage; and you came  
Into our lives, urging your tender claim,  
Haunting and tenuous as deeds undone.

And though we never feel your hands in ours,  
Nor hear the wonderful sound of your small feet  
Over the earth, you breathe for us in flowers;  
In our own hearts your tiny pulses beat;  
And through the long inviolable hours  
Of dream we hold communion high and sweet.

### WORDS

WHY do our words divide us like a wall,  
And only in the stillness, through the eyes  
Or the rapt lips, our spirits in surprise  
Rush flaming on each other? When you call  
My wraith to you afar, it brings you all  
My dumb lips dare not carry. We disguise  
The soul with veils of speech — poor soul, that tries  
To pour the ocean through a pipe, so small!

Oh, for the courage to endure the flame  
Of God's tremendous silence, heart to heart,  
On the sheer height where weak words are forgot;  
Where faith is all the foothold, and the aim  
Only to find the soul its counterpart,  
In the white sphere where space and time are not!

## THE VEIL

BELOVED, let my dark hair cover thee,  
Veiling thy face from my long gazing eyes;  
For I am weary as the daylight dies  
Into the shadow — the uncertainty  
That yearns to hide the world. Be now to me  
The undiscovered guerdon, the far prize  
That waits the soul's endeavour — till I rise  
Eager again to solve the mystery.

As I have hidden thee in my long hair,  
So would my passion cover thee with dream  
And soul-alluring glamour. Dost thou dare  
Always to face my spirit in supreme  
And blinding revelation? Oh, beware!  
Love's veils are more essential than they seem.

## TRUTH

WHEN Pilate questioned Him of Galilee  
With, "What is truth?" the Master, we are told,  
Said not a word. That story in fine gold  
Was graven on Time's rocks for you and me.  
Have we not proven truth and falsity  
Two faces of one coin, and candour sold  
To buy this purer pearl? Deep fold on fold  
Grows the immortal rose of verity.

And yet I tremble sometimes in the night  
When all the world is still, and in your arms  
I listen for the wonder of your breath.  
Though round your head shines truth's unwavering light,  
My soul this hour is filled with vague alarms,  
Lest we have dared that falsehood which is death.

### *THE CRUEL WORD*

WHEN I have said some cruel word to you,  
All the night long I feel it burn and smart  
Deep in the hidden softness of my heart;  
And if perchance I know the word was true,  
Then do my vindicating tears pursue  
Reason, till it absolves you. As in art,  
So even in love is light the counterpart  
Always of shadow. Can we blend the two?

That were a twilight grey and passionless,  
Wherein the flowers of life would open pale,  
And Love grow weary of his own delight.  
Better the fiery noon, the fierce caress,  
The radiant rose — and then, as countervail,  
Tears and the lonely darkness of the night.

## JOY OF LOVE

BELOVÈD, when I hear the low complaining  
Of little lovers in whose jealous eyes  
The weak tears wait, whose souls would agonise  
Between the breasts of Aphrodite, chaining  
Her freedom with their servitude, and staining  
The splendour of her gift with their mean sighs;  
When these I hear, and pity, and despise,  
How great you loom — the joy of Love maintaining!

Yours is that master sight that sees the sun  
Blaze in the nadir on the darkest night.  
For you the roses bloom, the rivers run  
In icy winter, and the ultimate right  
Waits in all wrong. O god-instructed one,  
Wise with the wisdom of the world's delight!

## ISOLATION

SOMETIMES when I am very close to you  
In form and feeling, suddenly a thought  
Of our eternal separateness makes naught  
Of all our vows, and I am smitten through  
With sense of isolation. Is it true,  
Belovèd, that the visions we have caught  
Of perfect union may be phantoms wrought  
Of our own brains, and dyed in their own hue?

When in my very arms you lie asleep,  
Your dreams may be a thousand miles away.  
I hear your words, but unknown meanings keep  
Vigil behind your lips, and when we say,  
"Forever, Love!" our listening angels weep,  
Gazing at one another in dismay.

### *ABSORPTION*

BELOVED, in the still deeps of thine eyes  
Absorb my soul, that I may feel no more  
This pain of separation! I implore  
Thy Self to take me in, and solemnise  
My union with thee in some mystic wise.  
I would no more be I; but would explore,  
As thee, thy soul's dim temple, and adore  
Therein, as thee, with secret sacrifice.

Oh, let me die to Self and find rebirth  
In some fair body as one breath with thee!  
There are no purposes in life for me  
But as thy complement; nor any worth  
In all the fame and splendour of the earth —  
Unless one perfect spirit we may be.

## OPULENCE

You are the flowing of Love's opulence  
Over the meagre measure of my days,  
Whose scattered drops along the world's dry ways  
Shall be as wells of beauty. In their tents,  
The watchful nomads on life's lone immense  
Grey desert call them songs. Who thirsts betrays  
His secret need of love, and tribute pays  
To you, Belovèd, when his soul assents.

For each drop of this water is a song  
That but for you had never taken form  
Out of the vapour of silence. Prophecy  
Sometimes is mirrored there, and symbols long  
Invisible; while mystic visions swarm  
Across these fragile spheres of poetry.

## AS A THOUSAND YEARS

'Tis said that in the Lord's abiding place  
A single day is as a thousand years.  
So was that day we spent among the spheres  
That roam Love's interspiritual space.  
In vision we beheld the eternal Face;  
While Time, whose sands are crystallised love-tears,  
Sustained them, till the hours were in arrears,  
To guard from envious worlds our soul's embrace.

And now that our ecstatic interlude  
In Life's discordant song is passed away;  
Now Time's depleted hour-glass is renewed,  
To measure our reunion's long delay,  
These thousand years of pain and solitude  
Shall also to that Lord be as one day!

### *PARTED*

LOVE, I have wept thine absence till my eyes  
Are heavy with the burden of their tears.  
Insistently against my inner ears  
The hot, desirous blood knocks, and defies  
This cloistral quietude that crucifies  
The heart of Love.— O Lord of days and years!  
Send back my lover, though it moves the spheres  
And hurls the seasons forward in the skies!

Time is my enemy. The laggard days  
Mock me with pallid laughter, as they ride  
Slowly around the earth. In shame they hide  
Their eyes from me, veiling the tell-tale rays  
They stole from Love's eyes, for their light betrays  
They passed him on the round world's other side.

## *AUTUMN*

CHILL is the night and cheerless. All alone  
I linger here under the cedar tree,  
Whose deep autumnal murmur dolourously  
Blends with the sea's monotonous undertone.  
Belovèd, all the summer birds are flown  
And all the flowers. The shifting mockery  
Of dead leaves covers everything, and thee —  
Thee too the autumn covers with her own.

Wilt thou return, Belovèd, with the spring,  
When leaves and birds and flowers come back again?  
Wilt thou return when mating robins sing  
In cedar shades their happy love-refrain?  
Or shall I watch each tender natural thing  
Return to joy — and watch for thee in vain?

## *FAITH*

O FRIENDLY Faith! Thy cool hands are as white  
As moonbeams on the waves they lull to sleep.  
Press down my eyelids, that I may not weep,  
And hold me close through all this cruel night.  
Stay thou with me until, over the height,  
The sun of Love arises from the deep —  
The unknown ocean of absence. I would keep  
Vigil with thee, O Faith! till the daylight.

My Love is sealed with truth, and he is mine —  
Mine as my breath, blended and one with me  
As my own memories, as inseparably  
Fused with my substance as the colour of wine  
Is blended with its perfume. Tenderly,  
O angel Faith! guard Love's unlighted shrine.

### *THE LETTER*

SILENCE and separation and the ache —  
The restless passionate desire to see  
One being alone of all humanity!  
Why do we banish angels for the sake  
Of housing these dull mortals, who would make  
Our souls their playtoys! Love, come back to me!  
This world is a dream of unreality,  
And only in your presence am I awake.

And then they bring your letter. . . . And my world  
Suddenly thrills, and is no more a dream,  
But quiveringly real. Christ never wrought  
Miracle greater than this missive, whirled  
Through space from the Hesperides — a gleam  
Of the ineffable Light, all wonder-fraught.

## *LOVE'S WASTED DAYS*

I WEARY of the burden of these days,  
These heavy days when we are far apart.  
No empty winning in the worldly mart  
Can ever profit us; no idle praise  
Can compensate us for our love's delays.  
There come from Life's dark forest where thou art,  
Only the echoes of my crying heart —  
Thy lone cries borne along the barren ways.

Outside the brooding fold of thine embrace,  
The sunbeams burn me and the shades affright.  
I am a wind-blown meteor in space,  
Robbed of the guidance of thy love's great light.  
My life, without the beacon of thy face,  
Is wasted on the ways of outer night.

## *SEPARATE*

I AM so lonely and so far from thee!  
I clasp and importune the listening air,  
Whose tresses touch thy distance; but my prayer  
Brings only its own echo back to me.  
My soul is sick with the world's tyranny!  
What are the wills of men, that they should dare  
Intrude themselves between our breasts, and tear  
Our spirits from their shrines irreverently?

Defy them, and return to me this day!  
For in a little while we shall be dead;  
And all the treasures we can take away  
Are memories of the love-words we have said,  
Shadows of hours together, and the grey  
Caressing ghosts of lips that once were red.

### *ABSENCE*

THOU art not here, Belovèd, and the night  
Is void and meaningless for want of thee.  
There is no fragrance in the flowers for me,  
Nor any glamour in the wan moonlight.  
I hear no woodland warbler's lyric flight —  
Only the cricket, crying mournfully,  
And low sobs of the melancholy sea —  
Lonely as I, for all her awful might.

O thou who hast all beauty where thou art!  
Return and bring it with thee, I implore,  
Bring back the world's lost meaning. From before  
Thy face all desolation will depart.  
Whenever I hear thy footsteps at the door,  
The bird of wonder warbles in my heart.

## WAITING

O AGONY of waiting! I believe  
Life has no burden of penitence or loss  
So hard to carry as thy restless cross;  
Nor any torment mortal may conceive  
So powerless to attain its own reprieve.  
The treasures of the scheming world seem dross  
And emptiness! I would not go across  
My garden all earth's wonders to achieve!

Because, if I should venture from the door,  
Should wander down some path a little way,  
He would be sure to come this very day,  
Though I had waited for him weeks before.  
For Fate is watching, eager to betray,  
And I should mourn this hour forevermore.

## AFTER LONG ABSENCE

THIS is the day — the hour — if all be well,  
When my Belovèd will return to me  
Out of the world's malign immensity,  
Where lurks Disaster, the cold infidel  
That envies lovers. Could I but dispel  
My fears of some immutable decree  
Of the dark Fates, forbidding joy to be,  
That will not let Love pass their sentinel!

When he shall come, his presence will restore  
Refreshment to the water, the lost light  
To the wan moon, and to the restless night  
Repose and plenitude forevermore.

Even the homing birds will pause in flight  
When I shall hear his footsteps at my door.

### *THE ABYSM*

DAZED with a rapture long deferred, I feel  
Afraid to face the sheer immensity —  
The wild abysm of my desire for thee.  
My woman-heart trembles, and would conceal  
The measure of its wealth; but I reveal  
Through voice and hands and eyes the ecstasy  
That beats at the defenseless doors of me,  
Moved by thy love's unutterable appeal.

O bid me go into the wilderness,  
Or to the desert regions of the earth,  
To be with thee! There would be plenitude  
Of beauty for me there, if thy caress  
Waited in every shadow, and no dearth  
Beside thee in the arid solitude.

## *INSATIATE*

My tremulous, intense desire of thee  
Transcends this earthly garment that is thine.  
When thy love-graven dust is fused with mine  
As fragrance with a flower, there still for me  
Are luring, unknown deeps of mystery  
To be descended never; and I pine  
In mystic passion, for thy soul's dim shrine  
Is domed by vistas of Infinity.

Oh, to behold thy spiritual face —  
Thy very Self, unveiled of earth's disguise!  
When I have wrested from involvèd space  
The only unity that satisfies,  
And hold thy naked soul in my embrace,  
I shall know God, and gaze into His eyes.

## *BEYONDNESS*

BELOVÈD, Time and veiled Eternity  
Reach to caress me with your vibrant hands.  
The gods of old salute me, and the sands  
Of long absorbèd seas return to be  
The witness of our footsteps. When I see  
Within your eyes the lure of unknown lands  
And unknown lives, an ecstasy expands  
My being beyond Time's frail boundary.

The measure of the beneath and the above  
Is in your hand; your feet are on the ages.  
Over your head, visible to the sages,  
Hovers the luminous immortal dove;  
And on your memory's unapparent pages  
Are written all the hidden ways of Love.

### *MICROPROSOPOS*

BEHIND the orient darkness of thine eyes,  
The eyes of God interrogate my soul  
With whelming love. The luminous waves that roll  
Over thy body are His dream. It lies  
On thee as the moon-glamour on the skies;  
And all around — the yearning aureole  
Of His effulgent being — broods the whole  
Rapt universe, that our love magnifies.

O thou, through whom for me Infinity  
Is manifest! Bitter and salt, thy tears  
Are the heart-water of the passionate spheres,  
With all their pain. I drink them thirstily!  
While in thy smile is realised for me  
The flaming joys of archangelic years.

## THE TOWER

Your love is like a mighty tower for me,  
When I am weary and the world is dark.  
From your high battlements my thoughts embark  
Upon the tenuous wings of poetry,  
Voyaging to the stars. Sovereign and free,  
The inter-stellar dreams' great hierarch  
Marshals his legions round us, as a mark  
In the encircling vast uncertainty.

Steadfast we stand together, you and I,  
Untroubled by false visions, unafraid,  
Though often menaced by the jagged blade  
Of neighbour-lightning. As the clouds go by,  
We watch the wraiths of old religions fade  
Into that faith which love shall verify.

## ACME

THRONED in the purple shadows of thy hair,  
Mystery is exalted. In thine eyes  
Burns the supreme desire that never dies,  
The demiurgic fire whose power I dare  
To meet and mix me with. I do not care  
Whether the end be gain or sacrifice,—  
Only to touch the poetry that lies  
Behind the beauty that allures me there!

As wine in water, let me lose in thee  
The boundaries of myself. Give me to drink  
The cup between thy lips — I will not shrink  
Though it be bitter-sweet. Oh, I would be  
Intoxicate with love, until I sink  
Into the deeps — or rise to ecstasy!

### *THE SACRAMENT OF LOVE*

THE ground whereon we tread is holy ground,  
Made sacred by the myriad slow feet  
Of Life's successive ministers. We meet  
Beside the blessed table where man found  
The symbols of his Maker. In the round  
Of unremembered suns this bread we eat  
Was leavened, and this wine so mortal-sweet  
Was crushed from grapes grown beyond Time's grey  
bound.

This cup, whereof we drink is verily  
The blood of the atonement, and this bread  
The very body of Love. These drops were bled  
Upon the cross of Life in ecstasy.  
O potent sacrament! You seal in me  
The link between the unborn and the dead.

## *WHEN I SHALL LIE IN DEATH*

WHEN I shall lie, Belovèd, some dark day  
In the unbending dignity of death;  
When in my ear Love's potent shibboleth  
From your own lips no message shall convey,  
Nor bring the well-known answer . . . do not say  
That God with me the Void replenisheth!  
Though with your breath I do not mix my breath,  
Be not too sure that I have gone away.

Your presence will be welcome as of old  
Beside the stately bed where I am laid;  
And though for the first time you find me cold,  
Know 'tis from terror of the waiting spade.  
Comfort and warm me in your living hold,  
And kiss my face — and do not be afraid.

## *THE UNSPOKEN*

IN the rapt silences between us two  
Are Love's last heights ascended. Keenly dear  
Are your love-vibrant tones, and when I hear  
Your whisper in the dark there trembles through  
My soul the star-choir's music. Yet I do  
Worship the silence, though sometimes I fear  
The too-revealing Presence it brings near —  
As if the hand of God touched me and you.

It seems that our two souls in some still place  
Pause for a pulseless moment, as if we  
Were masters of desire and destiny —  
Holding the planets poised in dizzy space.  
Look, Love! There in the dark the shining Face!  
The God of Silence calls us — it is He.

### *HIDDEN BEAUTY*

IN thy form's magic mirror of desire  
Beckons that Beauty hid from mortal sight.  
The rhythm that marked the elemental rite  
Of Being marks thy heartbeat, and the lyre  
Of the great leader of the stellar choir  
Is strung with hair like thine. When in the night  
Between thy lids I see love's glowing light,  
It is for me great Uriel's vigil-fire.

What art thou, to unveil my vision so!  
The pangs of the great Mother gave thee birth,  
To be a symbol on the alien earth  
Of those mysterious powers that spirits know.  
I was a pilgrim in a land of dearth;  
Thy coming made the corn and lilies grow.

## *THE PERVADER*

BELOVED Light of the celestial deep!

Art Thou not trying to commune with me  
Through this dear mortal who so rapturously  
Clings to my veil of dust? Always I keep  
My tryst with Thee: when up the flaming steep  
Of passion's dizzy pinnacle I rise free  
One moment from the earth's blind sovereignty;  
Or in the lofty solitude of sleep.

Wherever I look — Thou art. Even my bowl  
Of wine reflects Thy symbol from the skies;  
And, imaged on the mirror of Love's eyes,  
Thy meditative eyes regard my soul,  
Glowing with love unspeakable — Thou goal  
Of this my pilgrimage in human guise!

## *RECOMPENSE*

WHEN I consider all thou givest me  
In these miraculous hours I value so—  
The vision and the wonder that I know  
To be the veils of that Reality  
Behind the dreams of earth; and when I see  
How with thy tending all my soul-flowers grow,  
In very gratitude I would bestow  
Some rare incomparable gift on thee.

But when I gaze deep in thy raptured eyes,  
And see my own eyes in companioning  
Reflection fused with thine, I realise  
That in this unity of lives I bring  
Some boon beyond my own imagining,  
That is thy lonely spirit's long-sought prize.

### *THE MAN*

IMMEASURABLE thy being is to me,  
Lord of my fulfilled life! The beauty line  
Of the world's orbital ellipse is mine  
In one encompassing eye-sweep of thee.  
Thy substance holds that secret chemistry  
Whereby the earth-dust flames, and is divine;  
And woven with thy body is the sign  
Of primal, demiurgic mystery.

Without thee is my destiny denied;  
Though I stand symbol of the sea of space,  
The boundless gestatorium, the bride  
Of the Supreme. Only in thine embrace  
My small ephemeral life is amplified,  
Is blent with the imperishable race.

## ILLUMINATION

WHEN my receptive lips are fused with thine  
In that pure flame whose fuel is ecstasy,  
All of the lost, forgotten poetry  
Of unrecorded ages touches mine  
With gift of inspiration. Powers divine,  
Answering thine ardent summons, move in me.  
Measureless days, and wider days to be,  
Challenge my hour for the lyric countersign.

Unborn religions burn me in thine eyes;  
The devotees of undelivered years  
Mirror their visions there, in thy love tears,  
And lure my lips to drink them. I am wise  
With the deep lore of disembodied seers,  
When God breathes over me thy passion sighs.

## THE SONG AND THE SINGER

LIFE has no honour to surpass the pride  
Of the undaunted singer. When I feel  
Love's rhythmic waves, that make my being reel,  
Go royally and steadily as a bride  
In measured march of song; when I confide  
To all the world my secret soul's appeal —  
Wound round with lyric veils that half reveal —  
Then is my hour of living magnified.

Then do I hear strange voices answer me  
Across the waiting silence. And I know,  
Belovèd, that our yearning dreams shall flow  
Into their dreams, as rivers find the sea,  
And unborn lovers love more tenderly  
Because we loved each other long ago.

### *THE EAGLES*

O EAGLE mate of mine, the souls are few  
That scale the height where we have made our nest  
Above the perilous chasm! Breast to breast  
We battle with the darkness, and the clue  
To our far flight is written in the true  
Eyes of the constellations. All unguessed  
In the dull valley is the dizzy quest  
That calls us to patrol the pathless blue.

The air is thin where we entice our brood  
Of young to measure their frail wings with Fate;  
But they are nourished on ethereal food,  
Found only on these crags inviolate.  
Facing the wind, the void, the solitude,  
We are God's pioneers, O eagle mate!

## *THE TABERNACLE*

WHEN from the cloud along the mountain height  
The Lord decreed that thou, Love, shouldst be made,  
Was not the mighty architect afraid,  
And blinded by the vision and the light?  
O covenantal ark of sacred rite,  
Law-holding heart, with pure gold overlaid!  
Between thy wingèd cherubim, love-rayed,  
The Presence will commune with me this night.

For I have laved me at the outer gate;  
Around my soul's blue robe the golden bells  
And pomegranates are broidered, and I wait  
The word of Him that in this temple dwells.  
The Power descends, it permeates, compels;  
And my soul testifies, "The Lord is great."

## *LOVE'S HUMBLENESS*

I KNOW the pride of Love, the happiness  
Of gratified possession, wearing high  
Its diadem no envy can deny:  
I know the power of the withheld caress  
That leaves Love unsubdued, but weaponless;  
I know Love's unveiled look that blinds the eye;  
I know the splendid joys that magnify  
Poets who Love's beatitudes express.

But till I learned Love's humbleness, I knew  
Only Love's alphabet. 'Twas when I lay  
A beggar at Love's knees the livelong day,  
That I discerned this final master-clue:  
'Tis better for a lover to bedew  
Love's feet with tears, than walk earth's royal way.

### *LOVE'S BAPTISM*

FROM the pure baptism of my love you rise  
As a white saint dips in the sacred lake  
And comes out shining. All your soul awake  
Lives in your face, and would immortalise  
One who revealed it in art's master guise  
For all the world. Had life the power to make  
Me such a painter! But my hand would shake,  
For this is what you tell me with your eyes:—

I am your sea of healing, and the door  
Whereby you enter God's abiding place;  
Your trembling hopes are hidden in my hair;  
I am your volume of unwritten lore;  
My breasts for you are cups of cosmic grace,  
My dreams the pillars of your house of prayer.

## THE ICY PATH

THY soul and mine are walking warily  
Along a line of ice, a narrow way  
Between two seas of flame. The cruel day  
We banish by closed eyelids, for to see  
The cold white glitter were a mockery.  
Should we unveil our eyes we could not stay  
Upon the path; our steps would disobey;  
Our souls would slip into the raging sea.

Love, how the warm waves woo our icy feet!  
Our foreheads lifted for the polar wind  
Are fanned by tropic airs . . . we lose our aim . . .  
Dizzy and drunken in the swimming heat.  
Swaying toward some lost wonder we must find,  
We fall into the pulsing sea of flame.

## A QUESTION

Is it thy body that I love — thy soul —  
Or some mysterious dweller beyond both?  
Alas, I do not know! But I am loath  
To reckon as mere dust this aureole  
My dreams have drawn about thee. Life's control  
Drew from the earth the substance for Love's growth,  
As for the lilies'; and Desire made oath  
That Beauty's form should greet us at the goal.

But whether Love be blossom of the earth  
Or of the spirit — let all question cease.  
I only know my arid being's dearth  
Grew roses in thy presence; that increase  
Of vivid life came with our passion's birth,  
And to my lips the rose-leaf lips of Peace.

### *THE RHYTHMIC HEART*

With wonder-waiting breath and dream-closed eyes,  
I listen to the far mysterious sound  
Of your heart's tides, as some child who has found  
A convoluted shell, and verifies  
The story that the boundless ocean sighs  
Within it for his ears; though all around  
Are only waving trees and solid ground —  
A prisoned memory there that never dies.

Your beating heart, Belovèd, holds for me  
Such memories of the Ocean whence you came,  
Washed up on Time's cold margin like a shell  
Upon the earth-beach. All Eternity —  
Yours and the world's and God's their Law proclaim  
In the rhythmic ringing of this cosmic bell.

## *THE PRESENCE*

YOUR presence is enough for happiness,  
Without a word or pressure of the hand.  
Near you the blossoms of my soul expand  
Like lily buds at sunrise, that express  
Their joy in fragrant silence. I possess  
Your thought without a medium, and demand  
Nothing of all Love's ministers that stand  
Waiting beyond this bodiless caress.

Nay, do not touch me for a little while,  
And speak no word, even of poetry.  
Only the stillness of your lyric smile  
Shall bear the message of your soul to me,  
As through your misty eyes, blue mile on mile,  
I sail on feeling's immaterial sea.

## *THE SPHERE OF LOVE*

WHEN in the circle of my arms' embrace  
Close I enfold you, I encompass, Dear,  
The opulent earth, and whisper in its ear.  
I look the soul of the planet in the face,  
And feel against my cheek the winds of space  
With every breath of yours. How can I fear  
The need of aught? In Love's ideal sphere  
Are hidden all life's lines of power and grace.

Beyond the self's dividual boundary  
We touch that interspiritual goal  
Where two in one dissolve in ecstasy,  
Leaving a tracing on the terrene scroll  
Of the fourth dimension of Love's mystic sea —  
The metaphor, the poetry of the soul.

### *THE TOUCH OF BEAUTY*

WHAT is that magical strange quality,  
That gives to all the words and ways of you  
Something supernal? Others are as true  
Expressions of the inner thought, maybe;  
But they are prose, and you are poetry.  
You merely look at me — and something new  
Calls me to give it form; some faint, far clue  
Touches me from a world I cannot see.

And sometimes when the beauty is not so high  
It overpowers me, I am moved to sing.  
But, O Belovèd, how mere words belie  
The wonder of that half-embodied thing!  
It merely brushes me in going by,  
But leaves me all alive and quivering.

## *THE UNASSUAGABLE*

THE ache of unassuagable desire!

When my enraptured form is full of thee —

Drenched with thy love and broken utterly —

The spirit all thy power can never tire

Burns steadily, an unconsuming fire.

Oh, the long calling down eternity

Of the prisoned self that never can be free

Until its days of separateness expire!

Give me again thy lips, and let me lie

In listening silence on thy rhythmic heart.

The measures of that great musician's art

Entrance my soul — but cannot satisfy

Its thirst for unity. Oh, let me die,

And be of thy very self a throbbing part!

## *AT LOVE'S FEET*

HERE where I lie a pilgrim at Love's feet,

Palm pressed to palm in pure humility,

Are many wonders they may never see

Whose brows challenge the morning. Strangely sweet

This realm where mastery and service meet,

Losing themselves in Love's immediacy.

Its guarded gate reveals that mystery

Reserved for those whose lesson is complete.

Here Pride and Passion yield their ancient power,  
And Faith, twin-born with Knowledge, blends with him  
In one clear revelation. Since man's eyes  
Saw first in vision Love's rare mountain flower,  
Some souls have sought it on the perilous rim  
Of Self's cold avalanche — and grasped the prize.

### *FROM THE VOID*

WHEN swimming in the sea of Love's embrace,  
Under the rays of the meridian sun,  
I hear a Voice in the void, and one by one  
The veils of substance fall from off the face  
Of my free spirit. In the urgent race  
Toward the white shore where being is begun  
In harmony supernal, I have won  
From ravished Life the keys of time and space.

The Universe in semblance of man's form  
Descends upon the waters, and I hold  
Close to my heart the secret rarely told  
Before to any mortal. Human-warm  
And soft for me, this Presence I enfold  
Can walk the sea and curb the will of the storm.

## LOVE LIGHT

BELOVED, in those first remembered days  
We smiled into Love's face, not questioning  
His meaning, as gay children in the spring  
Laugh in the face of joyous winds whose ways  
They are too frail to follow. But the gaze  
Of Love grew serious, discovering  
A nascent, interspiritual thing —  
Nameless on earth, that set our souls ablaze.

Have mortals ever seen the steady light  
That now burns in Love's eyes? To me it seems  
The answer to some question asked in dreams  
And then forgotten. And it thrills my sight —  
As if the sun, with flame-compelling streams,  
Had hurled a new strange planet down the night.

## THE RIVER

ALONG the woods and meadows of my days  
The thought of thee majestically flows,  
Like some great river that in gladness goes  
Down to the ocean. All thy fertile ways  
Are blossom-bordered, for in Love's warm rays  
Each kiss of thine becomes a crimson rose  
And every tear a lily, pure as those  
White blooms that won the Galilean's praise.

Thou art the Nile and I am the land of Kem.  
River of joy, making my arid years  
A garden of sweet fragrance and of song!  
Enriched by thee, my fields have made arrears  
Of all neglected harvests, and a throng  
Of labourers in due time shall garner them.

### *AT THE SUPREME HOUR*

WHEN comes the supreme hour for me to die;  
When, justified of life, I turn at last  
To question the pale secret of the past  
And to be one with it, O Love, that I  
May have thy clinging lips to fortify  
My spirit for the journey! I would cast  
My soul upon thy kiss, as on some vast  
And shoreless ocean refluxing with the sky.

And may this dual, intimate ecstasy  
Be as my bark to venture the unknown.  
Then to whatever region I am blown  
By the death winds of evening, I shall be  
Borne upon rapture — nevermore alone —  
Though incorporeal, still one with thee.

## *THE OASIS*

If I had not the patience of the earth,  
That hour on hour develops the slow seed,  
And age on age attains each racial deed,  
I should despair of ever being worth  
The wonder of your love. In Life's grey dearth,  
My sun-scorched oasis bore scarce a weed.  
Then you reclaimed me, and my spirit freed  
From the arid liveness of untimely birth.

Your love is like spring-water, and has made  
A greenness in my desert; 'tis the deep  
Source of my hope's tall palm-trees, that withstand  
Life's whirling winds and wild Saharian sand.  
Your love is like the placid stars that keep  
Vigil, that I may never be afraid.

## *THE THOUGHT OF THEE*

SOMETIMES, Belovèd, the mere thought of thee  
Is potent as a Kabalistic spell  
To conjure up thy presence. I compel  
The latent forms of air to rise and be  
A body for my vision, fearlessly  
Beckoning thy soul to enter. Then I tell  
That wraith such wonders that the sentinel  
Behind the doors of absence bends to me.

The thought of thee is poetry more pure  
Than any that I lock in measured lines.  
The thought of thee is light, that shall endure  
Into the darkness when our day declines;  
The thought of thee is prayer, that can allure  
Angels to aid us in our love's designs.

### *LOVE'S IMMORTALITY*

AMONG those things that make our love complete,  
And high beyond all others I have known,  
This knowledge is not least: That we have sown  
Together seeds of beauty, that shall greet  
Strange years in blossoms which the reckless feet  
Of Death shall not destroy; that we have shown  
To blinded eyes the visions of our own,  
Making our blood in others' veins to beat.

Why should we yearn for immortality  
In some imagined heaven, when on the earth  
Our flowers of song perfume the dusty road,  
And speak to passers by of you and me?  
Enough that we have justified our birth,  
Ere entering the inscrutable abode.

## *BEYOND THE DRAGON'S GATE*

OF lesser loves I have known jealousy,  
But of thy love, my comrade — nay, Ah, nay!  
Our separate jealous selves are one to-day,  
Absorbed and mingled in our unity.  
In the dim future should it ever be  
Some other love allured thee, I would say:  
“The brother of my life, who is away  
On his soul's business, will return to me,  
Bringing new knowledge with him: so I wait.”  
And though with pain my lonely lips were dry,  
My learning soul would listen at the gate  
That looks along life's road, for thy far cry  
On the world's rim. Only we intimate  
Of spirit know the meaning of that tie!

## *THE TIDES*

THE daily hours my lover is away  
Are like the long recession of the sea  
Between the tides, but when he comes to me  
The surf beats on the shore. This hour the grey  
Sands are all dry far out, and rocks display  
Their sinister faces, that I never see  
Save when the ebb-tide's far uncertainty  
Of absence makes a desert of the day.

But in the rushing joy of his return,  
The menacing old rocks will bathe their faces,  
And all their deep, hard lines will be no more;  
The lonely sands of minutes that now yearn  
To greet him will be lost in his embraces,  
And loving waves will dance along the shore.

### ATTAINMENT

To-day I pondered long on the rewards  
That beckon man's endeavour: gold, and power,  
And fame, and love, and pleasure's passing hour  
Of sweet, that but a memory accords  
Unto the future. And I asked the lords  
Of my own stars what individual flower  
Of consummation bloomed in my life's bower —  
Was it the best the jealous world affords?

I thought of my songs, but their abiding worth  
Is yet unproven in the court of Time;  
Thought of the will whose sinews help me climb  
The cliffs of Art — that was a gift of birth.  
Then thought I of your love . . . my one sublime  
Attainment in the dizzy round of earth.

## *TIPHERATH*

WHEN I caress your dear face, lying so,  
Beauty, the great Sephira, looks at me  
With visible eyes; and though I cannot see  
The border of his garment, yet I know  
It sweeps the far horizon. Visions blow  
Across my rapt brain, as ecstatically  
The night winds move your hair, and poetry  
Too high for comprehension here below.

You are, my Love, a medium in space  
Eternal, through whom sovereign Beauty burns  
To manifest. Winged with your love, I reach  
A sphere beyond the scope of human speech;  
And in the dark with you my soul discerns  
Dimly God's unimaginable face.

## *THE ENTITY*

LOVE, is it I, or thou? There seems to be  
Only one soul here in the darkness now,  
Only one body. Is it I, or thou?  
Thy form is the extended boundary  
That marks the dual consciousness of me.  
I feel as mine the locks upon thy brow,  
As mine thy long white feet. Oh, tell me how  
Never to go outside the gates of thee!

Hid from the hollow world, I would remain  
    Within this lily garden of delight;  
    Would move not, sleep not through the long sweet  
        night.  
I would forget that we were ever twain,  
Forget that I shall find myself again  
    Standing alone in freedom's glaring light.

### *THE INSPIRER*

WHEN words of mine are read in after days  
    By those unnumbered ones who slumber now  
    In that vast sea man's latent loves endow  
With all-potential being, should their gaze  
Turn wondering along Time's buried ways  
    To our dim day, my Love, questioning how  
    I wove this wreath of heart-songs for the brow  
Of my strong mate, 'tis thou whom they should praise,  
If praise be due. For I am but the lyre  
    Thy sure hand plays upon — thy master hand,  
Whose touch allures the silence of desire  
    To mystic revelation, whose command  
Rouses the spirits of creative fire  
    To utter speech that men may understand.

## *WHEN YOU ARE SAD*

WHEN you are sad, Belovèd, my soul hears  
The far-off sighing and unworded pain  
Of all earth's buried lovers; the cold rain  
Of all their lonely unremembered tears  
Falls on my heart afresh. Ancestral fears,  
Lurking among the shadows of my brain  
Like ghosts among the living, weave a chain  
Of immemorial omens down the years.

Your joy is of the hour, and pleasures me  
Like sunshine and the spring; your smiles are flowers  
That bloom in my life's meadows wild and sweet.  
But in your sadness broods eternity,  
Beyond the tides of æons and of hours . . .  
I hear its music in your slow heartbeat.

## *THE LYRIC SEED*

Love, you are full of songs and lyric seed  
And wild harmonic measures, and your eyes  
Teem with the forms my vision magnifies:  
There the idea trembles toward the deed  
As man trembles toward woman. I can read  
In you the pass-word of the sphere that lies  
Beyond us in the spiritual skies,  
Waiting the world's indomitable need.

In you are words unknown in any tongue,  
But potent are their meanings to inspire  
My soul, love-quickenèd. Inarticulate  
Ardours are there, and melodies unsung,  
And poem-hopes; and Love's prophetic lyre  
Shall give their voice authority with Fate.

### *IN THE STILLNESS*

LAST night thy lips, Belovèd, on my face  
Yearned in a soul-rapt stillness more intense  
Than love's last passion; with such reverence  
I feel that tenuous spirits must embrace,  
Who meet each other in the shining space  
Beyond the bourne. A fearless conference  
Our souls held through the eyes, their mystic sense  
Revealing, like a veil, unearthly grace.

To-day I wander in a world of dreams.  
The throbbing of the city is to me  
Far off and alien; and its murmur seems  
Merged in the sounds of stars, whose light I see  
At noonday, through a luminous air that teems  
With forms of wonder and immensity.

## THE REVELATION

SPIRIT whose graciousness reveals to me  
Thy Self as the real presence in Love's eyes!  
His form is Thine inviolable disguise  
Of flame-wrought dust. Within that veil I see  
The symbols of Thine ancient alchemy;  
I see the hidden aim that sanctifies  
To immortal use Love's burden of sad sighs,  
And all his brief earth-born felicity.

And though continually I look behind  
This mortal beauty for the deathless One —  
That Substance of whose shadow is the sun,—  
To Thine extended hand I had been blind,  
Maybe forever, had Thy love not spun  
This passionate web wherein I am entwined.

## A DREAM OF DEATH

I DREAMED this midnight that my Love was dead;  
And when I groping found again the place  
Where I had left sleep's door ajar, his face  
Shone pallid still against the wall of dread  
Before me. And his voice in sorrow said:  
"Seek me forever in the empty space  
Beyond the moon, for I may not retrace  
The road whereon I dropped Love's golden thread."

I cannot find in all the ways of night  
One star to comfort me with promises  
Even though unfulfilled, nor on the wind  
A murmur of music. I am cold with fright,  
Lest in the shadows and the silences  
Seeking his form, I leave his soul behind.

### *THE ABIDING PEACE*

Your love is like the brooding of warm wings,  
And all the restfulness of night for me  
When I am weariest; my troubles flee  
Away like twilight ghosts when the moon flings  
Her lovely glamour over earthly things.  
You are the firmament of poetry  
Above my soul, wherein continually  
The passion-bird of Beauty soars and sings.

The shelter of your love is my release  
From the world sorrow. On my lips you lay  
The lyric spell whose word survives the day;  
And in your arms is that abiding peace  
Never to fail me should the star-dance cease,  
And Time, the piper, claim his cosmic pay.

## THE SOWER

THOU art a sower of that potent seed  
Whose vital flower shall fructify the ages.  
By thy strong sowing shall a thousand sages  
Rise into being in the days of need  
From the world's fertile soil. No noxious weed  
Shall rob the weary husbandman of wages  
On the fields thou hast sown, and God's own mages  
Shall measure them the harvest by their need.

I am a field of thine; within my breast  
The seeds of power are stirring in their sleep  
Before the great awakening. Strange unrest  
Rouses me ere the dawnlight walks the deep;  
Then go I forth to toil, at Love's behest,  
Tilling my field that all the world shall reap.

## MASTER

ON my life's road there stands one shining day,  
Lone and exalted above everything,—  
The day my woman-spirit hailed you king,  
Humble and proud, acknowledging your sway.  
Though altars mark my sacrificial way  
Across the world, yet to the gods I bring  
Naught else like this: That round your knees I cling,  
Whispering, "Master, speak, and I obey!"

In Love's rose garden is a hidden shrine,  
A secret temple where high spirits meet;  
The password is pure silence, and the sign  
That gains the door — humility complete.  
'Tis when my spirit touches the divine,  
You feel my tears and kisses on your feet.

### *THE UNRECORDED*

If any lover ever loved like you,  
He did not love a poet; for I look  
In vain for word of him in the slender book  
Of woman-song. Your tender ways are new  
In this untender world, and shining through  
The meshes of your passion are the eyes  
No mortal sees unveiled — the love-lit eyes  
That wait the spirit in the fiery blue  
Beyond life's shifting rainbow. In your face  
The deathless Vision lures me — if I dare  
To follow it across the void of space.  
And yearning toward your beauty, unaware  
My soul has found the one abiding place,  
Beyond the goal of every lonely prayer.

## *THE CLUE*

WHEN fused in your embrace my soul is free  
With all mankind. Hidden away in you  
Are unimagined vistas, and my clue  
You are to that abiding Mystery  
Behind all men and women. When for me  
Your eyes are wet with Love's primeval dew,  
I am the dream reflected; and I view  
The vision of my self with ecstasy.

Within your soul the souls of myriads reach  
Toward the obscure Beyond. You are the sire —  
The all-potential father who shall teach  
The gospel of attainment and desire.  
Your torch shall light the future's signal fire,  
And through your word the voiceless attain speech.

## *THE SUPREME GIFT*

WHAT is the dearest gift thou bringest me  
To prove thy love? Is it thy tenderness? —  
The grandeur of thy passion? — thy caress? —  
Thy soul that offers itself utterly?  
These are great gifts, but not unique in thee.  
Aye, though thy boons bestowed are numberless,  
One passes all the others: I possess  
Therein the life-pledge of our unity.

That pledge is understanding. In my eyes  
Is written all my weakness, all my power,  
And thou canst read the writing! Fear's disguise  
Falls from our faces in the faith-lit bower  
That shields our full revealing. We are wise  
Beyond all isolate beings in that hour.

### *LOVE'S DAY AND NIGHT*

THE darkness never gathers round my heart  
When your eyes shine upon me; for my day  
Is measured by your coming, and the grey  
Chill twilight of the hour when you depart.  
The sun-warmth of your smile makes love-buds start  
All down my tree of life; and when we say  
Love's litany, the winds from far away  
Breathe us responses with heaven's lyric art.

And in the desolation of that night  
When thou, my sun of life, art hid from me  
By the dense world, I know thy loving light  
Blazes around my orbit; though I see  
Only that pallid and reflecting wight —  
The unsubstantial moon of memory.

## *THE HIDDEN ONE*

Love, in that labyrinthine house of thine,  
Where does thy spirit hide? Long have I sought  
Its door down all the corridors of thought,  
In every impulse, every luring line  
That is thy being; but the outer sign  
Has veiled itself in beauty. Whence was brought  
Thy mystic flame, wherein earth's dust was caught  
And fused with love, reflecting the Divine?

Thou art all mine, in answer to my prayer:  
Mine in thy purposes, thy faith, thy will;  
My dreams of unity thou dost fulfil;  
My secret seal is on thee everywhere.  
Yet when I love thee most, I am aware  
Of a strange something that eludes me still.

## *SPIRIT OF BEAUTY*

SPIRIT of Beauty! Let me worship thee,  
Robed in the form of my belovèd one.  
Thy look, that fires the fierce meridian sun,  
Is too tremendous in its majesty  
For mortal gaze to dare. Give me to see,  
Over the eyes of Love, thy glamour spun  
Of filaments of dreams that were begun  
Before Orion rode in Gemini.

Spirit of Beauty, I had never known  
Thy bodiless, immortal dwelling place,  
Save for this lovely mortal shadow thrown  
Upon the screen of time. And I can trace,  
In every line of Love's illumined face,  
The meaning and the wonder of thine own.

### *THE EMBLEM*

IN worshipping my Love I worship Thee —  
O Thou inscrutable Kindler of the sun!  
He is the emblem of all things in one;  
He is the medium of my unity  
With Thine infinitude. There is for me,  
Recorded in Love's eyes, all Thou hast done  
Of wonder since the ages were begun  
In sleep's undifferentiated sea.

My Lover is for me the Book of Prayer;  
His every line is poetry profound  
With esoteric meanings. In his hand  
Are messages that Faith has written there;  
And in the lessons his warm lips propound  
Is all the wisdom I can understand.

## *THE GUARDIAN OF THE TEMPLE*

GAZE in my eyes, deeper and still more deep!  
Behind these windows dwells the soul of me  
In solitude: enter thou there and be  
The guardian of the temple. Thou shalt keep  
The keys that open all the doors of sleep —  
The mystic portals of that unity  
In whose embrace I quiver with ecstasy,  
Beyond the bourne of those who laugh and weep.

Cover me with the shadow of thy breath.  
So blinding is the spiritual light  
Of this high place, the moon looks white as Death,  
And the stars hide them in the hair of Night.  
O Love, thy lips! Between them quivereth  
The very wing of God in earthward flight!

## *WOMAN-LOVE*

THOU art the Unimaginable to me,  
The Source that sends the sunshine and the spring  
To bless my spirit. Gratefully I bring  
My golden lily of life a gift to thee —  
Fragrant with faith and immortality.  
Make me the blossom of sweet offering  
Upon the altar of thy ministering.  
Only thy bonds can set my spirit free.

Yea, I will do all service that is meet  
Unto the master from the neophyte —  
Trim thy soul's lamp, and keep thy vesture white.  
Thy mouth shall have the morsels that are sweet,  
My mouth the bitter; and my only right  
Shall be to bind the sandals on thy feet.

### *THE INNER LIGHT*

SOMETIMES I see a light within your eyes,  
Not of the earth, as if the hidden sun —  
The vast pervading immaterial One —  
Shone for a moment through its own disguise  
Of planetary substance. Visions rise  
In that divine candescence, visions spun  
Of hoarded yearnings; 'twas their power which won  
From the Invisible its guarded prize.

Love, in that light our guardian angels lean  
So close to earth, almost their wings catch fire  
In the upleaping flame of our desire  
Each to the other. And this burning screen  
Of mortal dust, that severs soul from soul,  
Is known to the stars as Love's world-aureole.

## *THE PARADIGM*

Now you and I indissolubly one,  
Find in our unity the master clue  
To the realm of dual spirits, all is new  
For us in earth and heaven. We have spun  
A web of dreams that reaches to the sun,  
Yet stronger is than steel, Our hopes pursue  
Even the reticent gods, that watch us through  
Life's window with a smiling benison.

No longer can two souls that merely rhyme  
Seem one to us, though joined with poetry.  
Now we have found Love's secret paradigm  
Which all men feel but know not, we shall be  
A double mark upon the disc of time  
That shall attract the eye of Eternity.

## *LOOKING UPWARD*

My heart is sad and tremulous to-night,  
Knowing my love less pure than it should be;  
For shadow-thoughts of self persistently  
Intrude between thine image and the light.  
If anything be dearer in thy sight  
Or higher than woman's love, ask it of me!  
Silence, or sacrifice, or ecstasy  
Of meditation's God-immediate height.

Is there some purer name than Love? If so,  
It shall be thine, even in my secret prayer:  
Brother, or Friend, or aught — I do not care,  
So it be dear as that I would forego.  
But I should call thee Love in dreams, I know,  
And bear that memory of thee everywhere.

### THE BROKEN PRAYER

Lost in Life's maze I seek that dreadful Throne  
Where God's wise children breathe, Thy will be done!  
But in between me and Faith's blazing sun  
I see Love's eyes, and hear his broken moan,  
"O leave me not, Belovèd!" Can I own  
God's fragment dearer to me than the One,  
Supreme, Eternal? 'Twas His hand that spun  
This veil between the known and the unknown.

Fain would I tread that steep, immortal way —  
And yet the arms of Love are yearning sweet!  
My soul is tangled in the ropes of clay,  
And passion's thorns have torn my faltering feet.  
Unworthy am I, for I weep and say,  
Thy will be done, O God — *but not to-day!*

## THE OPENER

LOVE, you have opened many doors for me  
To many mansions. You have held the gate  
Of joy ajar, and when reluctant Fate  
Clutched at my mantle, you have set me free.  
You touched the fragile portal of poetry  
And it sprang open, for my soul elate  
To enter; then you led me to the great,  
Stern, smiling, Janus-faced Philosophy.

But now it is the gate of Purgatory  
You open for me; and my soul's desire  
Goes on before us — not with tears and cries,  
But gladly like the souls in Dante's story —  
The saved souls that with joy embrace the fire  
Which purges them for the heights of Paradise.

## THE SACRIFICE

As thou wast consecrated ere we met  
To sacred service on this orphaned earth,  
And I, though loving, am of little worth  
Against thine austere mission to be set;  
I who have worn thy love an amulet  
About my neck, mine by our stars of birth,  
Now bid thee go — leaving my days a dearth;  
Now pay the world my vast and sovereign debt.

There is a need of thee greater than mine,  
O thou beloved ambassador of God!  
With my heart's blood do thou thy vows re-sign;  
While I walk back alone the road we trod  
Together, and the trampling years, pain-shod,  
Pursue me down the perilous incline.

### *THE VALLEY OF DISMAY*

I CAME to-night along a lonely way,  
Under a cold monotonous grey sky  
That seeks no sunrise. Fallen rocks deny  
My passage backward to the fading day;  
Above my head the living trees decay;  
And trailing passionate poison-ivies lie  
Along the ground, reaching thin hands to tie  
My footsteps in this valley of dismay.

Love, where art thou who yesterday held warm  
My soul and body interblent with thee?  
I call thy name — but only a wild swarm  
Of demon echoes answer mockingly;  
While down the gulf rides the dishevelled storm,  
With some dumb awful message meant for me.

## THE GREAT DARK

BELOVED, in the space that yearns between  
Thy breast and mine these bitter separate days,  
Are measured all the tortuous dim ways  
Where sightless spirits wander — the dark screen  
That hides from mortal sight the soul's demesne.  
My path is lost in this bewildering maze  
Of many windings. Taunting spectres craze  
Me, mocking the caresses that have been.

Brave thou this dolorous region where I grope  
Among the shades, and lead me toward the light.  
Deny me love, but vesture me in white,  
And gird about my waist the knotted rope  
Of sacrifice. Then guide me toward some height  
Too lofty for this aching human hope.

## THE TITAN

I KNOW this Titan suffering was not laid  
For nothing on my spirit, for I gain  
By growing to the stature of my pain.  
How else could God endure it — He who made  
The pact of Fatherhood with me, and weighed  
In His vast scales the hopes that I have slain  
In saying, "Thy will be done"? Without His chain  
Of worship round my soul, my heart, afraid,  
Would stumble down the mountain of despair  
And break upon the rocks. To little minds

God throws the crumbs of sorrow; but to me —  
Why, He has seated me in His great chair  
Beside the board of grief, and Himself grinds  
And kneads and bakes the bread of cruelty!

### *THE WELL OF TEARS*

WILL you, far off, weep too in that glad hour,  
When I shall find the well of tears now hid  
Deep in the rocks of pain? Will God forbid  
Ever that I shall pluck the golden flower  
Of peace upon its margin? I would dower  
With all my song the meanest slave that bid  
My lips to drink its waters, and be rid  
Of this mad thirst that strangles all my power.

When I shall weep, Belovèd, the kind rain  
Must cool your burning forehead that I see  
Fire-circled in my dreams. I would not dare  
To quaff a comfort that you might not share,  
Though through the fierce noons of eternity  
I stand with you on these red cliffs of pain.

### *WITHIN LOVE'S VEIL*

O THOU whose hand has lifted high Thy veil  
One blazing moment, that my Love and I  
Might see Thy beauty, do not — or I die —  
Leave me again in darkness! Should I fail  
Of sovereign song, or prove too human-frail  
Thy seer-inspiring boon to justify,  
O let these tears, that choke my heart's love-cry,  
Weigh but a little for me in Thy scale!

For I so long abode in the earth-shade,  
That Thy refulgent beauty has blinded me,  
And I am tremulous, and half afraid,  
And cannot grasp the wonder that I see.  
But I would die should the white vision fade,  
Leaving me in the dark, bereft of Thee!

### *WITHDRAWN*

SPIRIT of Wisdom, if Thy laws decree  
That groping in the dark I must abide,  
Why didst Thou draw Thy golden veil aside  
One blazing moment that my soul might see  
The splendour of Thy beauty? I would be  
More fully blest — or rigorously denied!  
The veil has fallen and the light has died,  
But they have left great memories with me.

Spirit of Wisdom, are my upturned eyes  
Too dull with weeping to reflect Thy face?  
Has Love's consuming fever left a trace  
Too much of earth about me? All that dies  
With mortal breath my soul would sacrifice  
To feel the flame of Thy supreme embrace!

### *THE EMPTY ROOM*

ALONE I linger in Love's empty room  
Where hope, desire and dream no longer dwell;  
But memory stands, a pallid sentinel  
Between the inner and the outer gloom.  
The stars are weaving on Time's hidden loom  
No rarer wonders than these walls might tell —  
But will not! Love's dismantled citadel  
Guards here the sacred silence of a tomb.

And when my spirit shall have gone away  
In quest of Love where death and life confer,  
The silence of my empty home of clay  
Shall baffle every curious questioner,—  
Even as this room, whose walls will not betray  
Their knowledge of the secret things that were.

## THE LOVE-SINGER

I sing of Love, dreaming the world may know  
Something of that pure Beauty that I feel;  
I sing of passion till the senses reel  
With the full rhythmic volume and overflow  
Of my own being; and then, soft and low,  
I sing of mystic visions that reveal  
God's mirrored eyes in Love's — His visible seal  
Set in the dust for all who come and go.

But of Love's final secret, being wise  
I do not sing,— Love's terrible demand  
To lay his jewels for a sacrifice  
Upon the Spirit's altar . . . Through the land  
Should I go singing that, with unveiled eyes,  
Hardly a soul would even understand!

## NOTE

Poems in this collection have appeared in *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *The Century*, *Ainslee's*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey's*, *Lippincott's*, *The Smart Set*, *The Forum*, *The Woman's Home Companion*, *The Bookman*, *The Metropolitan*, *Everybody's*, *Outing*, *The New England*, *The Reader*, *The New Age*, *The Broadway*, *The Era*, and *The Craftsman*. Thanks are due to the editors of these magazines for the courteous permission to reprint.















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